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NOVEMBER 30, 1970

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LETTERS

We Won?

Sir: It is interesting to note our President's declaration of victory after the Nov. 3 election (Nov. 16). The facts, as we all see, hardly show a vast support of Nixon's policies or a swallowing of his vulgar campaign tactics.

However, since the President feels he can see these facts and still declare "We won," one would hope that this device would be applied to Viet Nam.

If Mr. Nixon would only announce to the world that "We won" the war, then all troops could be pulled out, and who could question it since "We won"?

LEONARD CHAPLA
Manhattan

Sir: Following Nixon's advice of working in the American electoral system, my spirits have been uplifted by the recent elections. The fabled Silent Majority wielded its power of the ballot to remind Nixon that he has failed to fulfill his mandate to stop the war, end the draft, curb inflation, bring peace and freedom to Middle Americans, etc., *ad nauseum*.

I pray that we will have learned by 1972 not to again be misled by the fascist law-and-order advocates. Our problems are more fundamental than a mere lack of law-and-order. We need a President who can understand and reconcile grievances, not one who exploits them.

JOHANNES CURTZE
Middleburg, Va.

Sir: After watching hours of election coverage, I am most encouraged.

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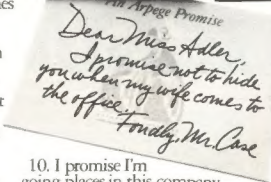
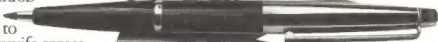
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law-and-order, fiscal responsibility in government and vigorous antipollution legislation. Conversely then, our enlightened electorate must have rejected war, crime, profligate governmental spending and environmental decay.

In such a utopia, how can we lose?

(MRS.) JOAN R. WASHBURN
Westmont, Ill.

Asking for It

Sir: The simplistic rationale for the Kent State tragedy often heard in some conservative quarters—"They asked for it"—has appealing applicability to Nixon's behavior in San Jose. Confronting a known hostile crowd of several thousand, waving the V salute and remarking, "That's what they hate to see" [Nov. 9] has got to be the act of a very calculating politician or a damn fool. I in no way condone the behavior of the hostile crowd.

ROGER W. MEYER
St. Paul

Sir: It is really a disgrace when the President of the United States cannot go through a city or town without having bottles or rocks thrown at his limousine. Here is a good man, speaking for what is right, doing the best he can for his country, and people don't even have the decency to give him a bit of respect.

MARK PACE
Buffalo

The Human Equation

Sir: I would like to compliment you on your fine article, "The Blue Collar Worker's Lowdown Blues" [Nov. 9]. I am a blue collar worker, and I know that pride in one's work is all a blue collar can hope to achieve. But this pride is being squeezed from one side by big management and from the other side by out-of-touch big-union labor leaders.

If this reality of human needs keeps being pushed aside, I hate to guess what will happen to our present-day society. In the early days of labor and management, the company was usually owned by one family or by a small group of men. But our present-day company belongs to its stockholders. Somewhere between then and now, human reality has been pushed aside. But it need not die there, not if they really want to help.

THOMAS J. MORGAN
Silvis, Ill.

Sir: The impassioned protest against management really has quite a simple solution. It is not fringe benefits that those employees seek—it is variety. Therefore, management really ought to offer the chance for job variation within its organizations. Who indeed could stand the monotony of "seven goddamn identical bolts" year after year? Proper procedure ought to be that a chance at a different type of production job should be offered from time to time. I've no complaint myself—I started an odd-jobs business five years ago. Variety? My God!

JOHN T. CLARKE, PH.D.
Falmouth, Mass.

Where People Meet

Sir: The current popularity of encounter groups [Nov. 9] only emphasizes the well-known fact that human beings need group relationships and that our society lacks meaningful natural groups where people can meet on an intimate, informal level. Any properly taught small college class

A man and a woman are shown in a dramatic, stormy setting. The man, with a mustache and wearing a dark suit, is lighting a cigarette. The woman, with long dark hair and wearing a patterned top, looks on. In the background, a large pyramid (resembling the Great Pyramid of Giza) is visible under a dark blue sky with multiple bright white lightning bolts. The overall mood is mysterious and powerful.

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where students know one another and discuss a common topic, any group effort to put on a play or work toward common goals. Any neighborhood coffeehouse or bar will serve the same purpose.

The leaders of the human potentials movement should see this movement in a larger social context, and concentrate on the re-establishment of smaller social units and natural groups in society at large. Otherwise the movement becomes just another empty institution void of significance and meaning outside the four walls of the joy seminars, unable to provide satisfying answers to the search for intimacy and friendship by people who have never experienced close human contacts in real life situations with actual common goals.

ELSE WEINSTEIN
Glendale, N.Y.

Sir: I believe the object is to put one back in touch with authentic feelings, with one's self or, in Freudian terms, with the ego. To accomplish this, some of the veneer of manners, civilization and other superego accomplishments needs to be scraped away or at least temporarily removed. What is merely has a night out, is that the id merely has a night out.

(THE REV.) DONALD HEINZ
Richmond, Calif.

Sir: You failed to mention one "re-entry problem": the fate of those who are obliged to associate with the newly "aware" T groupies. Ah, the compulsive openness they are so determined to inflict upon us, the venting of untapped solens and the breathless revelations of profound new sensual experiences, experiences most of us old normal deadbeats have known for years. Seems like the "T-group" encounter amounts to little more than an adult rekindling of the pubescent awakening accompanied by an unrestrained display of their current hang-ups. Ho-hum. I hope the next encounter-group a'minus I meet will have already gone through withdrawal.

ALAN B. ROHWER
Boxborough, Mass.

Something Right

Sir: The Champ Clark Essay, "Mystique of Pro Football" (Nov. 9), was excellent. There is the "disciplined machinery of its teamwork: eleven men performing eleven separate actions in pursuit of a common goal." And therein lies something worth probing.

For the typical American, the utter incompetence and inefficiency that have become part of our daily lives, the things we take in stride and pass off as "What more could you expect from that outfit?" are really an important part of the "mystique." By Sunday, we can no longer tolerate static, sloppy anything. On Sunday, the pro football fan becomes involved. We are now a real if vicarious part of the team. We are part of a decision-making group that, having made that decision, executes that plan in the exact manner and accomplishes a goal. We are part of an organization that by training and discipline is able to accomplish something. We have seen someone do something right—and what a rare treat that is for most Americans!

ROCCO J. COSTANZO
Minneapolis

The Flower Bit

Sir: Thanks for that article about France's bringing back the whorehouse (Nov. 9). I am a man old enough to know about

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warehouses, and I can say that they are badly needed in these United States to day. I am not trying to be funny. My conviction is that the population explosion is the single greatest threat to this country and the entire world. Nowadays young men practically force their girl friends to engage in sex. They have no other way to relieve their urge. So you have early marriages. That means lots of babies. And this sudden incursion of family life on young people who should still be having fun causes many divorces with broken homes and distressed kids.

Our ancestors were wiser. A young man would take a girl out, live her the bit with flowers and candy and dinner dates and dances, kiss her good night then sit at a whorehouse. In a whorehouse he was fairly safe. It was run by a madam, not a pimp. He wouldn't be robbed, and he wouldn't be likely to get syphilis, for the madam would want to keep up the reputation of her house.

Why shouldn't a young man have safe relief from his strong urge to copulate? Why shouldn't young ladies have a few years of courtship—postponing those grim years of dishes and diapers?

ANDREW JOHNSON
Minneapolis

Shoring the Prize

Sir: In the three years we worked with Photographer Kyouchi Sawada [Nov 9] in Viet Nam, he never lost his sensitivity for people or his professional dedication. Long after many photographers had become worn thin by the daily dangers of covering a war, Sawada continued to return to the U.P.I. office on Ngo Duc Ke Street

with action photographs of the fighting. Sawada was a credit to the international press corps. In 1966, when he won the Pulitzer Prize, he tramped through hamlet after hamlet and traveled to many refugee camps until he found the woman who was the subject of his prize-winning photograph and shared the prize money with her.

FRANK FALKNER
STYL VAN METER
BOB HODIRNI
Chilopee, Mass.

Hi-C and the FTC

Sir: Re your article, "The FTC Gets Loose" [Oct. 19], the FTC has neither directed nor ordered the Coca Cola Company to take any action with respect to its Hi-C products. All the FTC has done is to issue a proposed complaint, and it has done nothing more than that. We believe the allegations of that proposed complaint are without foundation and we intend to challenge them vigorously.

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CHARLES W. ADAMS
Senior Vice President
The Coca Cola Company
Atlanta

Clinical Competence

Sir: The Carnegie Commission's proposal [Nov 9] to shorten medical school and residency has one basic flaw. It does not eliminate the "wasted time" in the first two

years. Rather, it hits medical education in the very area the commission hopes to improve: clinical medicine. The commission's proposal to eliminate the fourth year, internship and first year of residency would, in my opinion, gravely reduce the clinical competence of physicians while simply increasing the number of men practicing.

Let us not diminish the quality of medical training simply for the sake of numbers. It is difficult enough to become a good clinician under the present system.

N. ANTHONY MASTROPIETRO
Class of 1971
Georgetown University
School of Medicine
Washington D.C.

Sir: I am an immigrant physician. I took a liking to North American medicine about ten years ago. When I served as an intern in a community hospital on the East Coast, an obstetrician asked me "Do you still have those nurse-midwives over there on the other side of the Atlantic?" In this country they are a thing of the past. "A few days later, I learned that one of his patients had delivered in a nearby hospital without the wanted help while he was desperately fighting the traffic. What a pity that there wasn't an R.N.-midwife on duty. Hopefully the new training program for doctors' assistants will also provide for some R.N.-midwives to work along with the physicians."

HELMUT HAIBACH, M.D.
St. Louis

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Saint Herbert

In the hagiology of liberal America, Franklin Roosevelt has always been a favorite saint. Herbert Hoover was only slightly less villainous than Judas Iscariot. Now at least a few writers of the radical left are changing the text. In *The Greening of America*, Yale's Charles Reich argues that the New Deal helped create not only an inhuman corporate state but "a new consciousness that believed primarily in domination and the necessity for living under domination."

Herbert Hoover knew it all the time. So says Oregon State University's William Appleman Williams, dean of revisionist historians. In the *New York Review of Books*, Williams portrays Hoover as a prophet who fought against precisely the corporate America that radically decried—"vast repetitive operations dulling the human mind," the congestion of the population, the economic domination of great wealth. "Hoover outlined our future in 1923," Williams concludes. "We are living in it now." The dour Quaker President was done in, according to Williams, "by his faith in the dream of a cooperative American community. The trouble with him was that he believed Not just in us. But in the very best of us." Right on, Herbert.

Red Thanksgiving

Descendants of the Indians who greeted white America's ancestors at Plymouth Rock have organized their own somewhat sardonic Thanksgiving. Some 500 Indians will gather at that Pilgrim landfill to demonstrate, for Indian-studies programs in colleges, territorial justice and a return to tribal religions. They argue that Thanksgiving is only the white man's version of a longstanding Indian harvest festival, and the white man has been borrowing from the Indian ever since. Says Rayleen Bay, a Mohawk who helped organize the Indian anti-Thanksgiving: "Plymouth Rock should have landed on the Pilgrims."

Freedom March

During a protest at Arlington (Mass.) High School last spring, Martha A. Meyers, 17, burned an American flag. Last week she appealed her six-month jail sentence before Superior Court Judge Frank W. Tomasello, who lectured her on patriotism and suggested an odd alternative. He proposed that Martha immediately carry a big (5-ft. by 8-ft.) American flag on a three-mile march through the city of Cambridge. That chilly morning she dutifully carried her 15-lb. burden through the streets, head high, her face expressionless. The judge then continued the case for a year.



CLIFFORD HARDIN

At Half Time:

IT is political half time for Richard Nixon. Coming off a relatively bad second quarter culminating in the Democratic gains of Nov. 3, Nixon has already begun rejiggering his offense for the drive to his own re-election two years hence. He has yet to announce any formal changes in the first-team line up, but his lieutenants are gesturing frantically from the bench. At a breakfast meeting with some 15 newsmen last week, one important Nixon aide let it be known that as many as three Cabinet officers will soon be pulled out for good. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a Democrat who has served as a liberal god to Nixon—notably on the welfare reform bill, one of the Administration's few major domestic proposals—will be dispatched to New York to replace Charles Yost as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations.

The Moynihan shift was unexpected for the urbane urbanologist had indicated several times that he meant to return to Harvard when his academic leave of absence expires at the end of this year. The choice was Nixon's own idea: the President is much taken with Moynihan's Irish wit and persuasiveness, and he thinks that the U.N. post will be upgraded by sending to it a trusted adviser who is a veteran of his personal inner councils. Early in the Nixon Administration, Moynihan established a reputation as an articulate counterbalance to the conservatism of many of the President's other advisers on domestic policy. Actually, his liberal credentials came under some question last winter with the publication of a private Moynihan memo to Nixon that recommended "a period of 'benign neglect'" of the subject of race in the U.S. Wrote Moynihan: "We may need a period in which Negro progress continues and racial rhetoric fades."

Benign neglect seems too mild a phrase for Nixon's treatment of the men he aims to replace. Ambassador



HOOVER & ROOSEVELT ON INAUGURATION DAY 1933
Another look, another prophet.



DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN



DAVID KENNEDY



WALTER HICKEL

Shifting the Bodies Around

Yost, a competent career diplomat who is widely respected at the U.N., was not informed that he was to be bounced to make way for Moynihan—or anyone else. Nor was there any direct word from the President or from his staff to the three Cabinet officers, on Nixon's drop list: Interior's Walter Hickel, Treasury's David Kennedy and Agriculture's Clifford Hardin. The likely explanation is that Nixon wants to pressure the three men into resigning on their own. Says one staffer in the Office of Management and Budget: "It's our theory that the President cannot stand confrontations."

Stirred Flurries. Hickel's case is the least baffling, for the outspoken Alaskan has been on thin ice since his renowned letter to Nixon last May was leaked to the press even before the President had seen it. With the nation's campuses in an anti-Administration uproar over the Cambodian invasion Hickel wrote Nixon that he had failed to give the young a hearing, and was ignoring some of his Cabinet members. Hickel included, into the bargain (Hickel took up pen only when he was denied a meeting with Nixon) During the full campaign, Hickel traveled more on behalf of Republican candidates than any Nixon lieutenant except Vice President Agnew, though he made it plain that he disapproved of Agnew's style and of the Administration's get-tough political pitch, Hickel said he preferred a positive campaign.

After the election, the purge was on. Communications between the White House and Interior slowed down, telephone calls went unanswered, even though there were important budget questions to settle. Hickel asked to see the President, but once more he was refused. He began to get mixed messages from other high-level Administration officials. The White House official who listed Hickel first among the three Cabinet Secretaries to be sacked,

observed that Hickel's is the only "punitive" firing.

While Hickel truculently proclaimed that "the President hired me and he'll have to fire me," he moved rapidly to bolster his own position and prestige. This week or next he will announce an important preliminary agreement in the dispute over how the controversial 800-mile Alaska oil pipeline will be built. To lessen the danger that a thaw in the permafrost or an earthquake would break the line and flood the landscape with crude petroleum, nearly a third of the pipeline will be elevated aboveground.

Treasury Secretary Kennedy, a gentlemanly Mormon, stirred a flurry in his own department as a response to hints that Nixon wants a more vigorous voice to defend his economic policies. Kennedy had been planning a tour of European capitals for conferences with finance ministers and prime ministers. After the Nixon aide let it be known that Kennedy was a candidate for oblivion, his juniors quickly nailed down an eleven-day itinerary and released it with special fanfare earlier than was first intended. Kennedy kept an appointment with Nixon the day his departure was reported. While he was willing to submit his resignation if Nixon asked for it, the President made no such request. Kennedy would not mind leaving the Cabinet; his wife is ailing and at 65 he is not in prime form for the Washington rough-and-tumble. But he is determined not to depart as a discredited Treasury Secretary shoved out the back door.

Looks and Guesses. Like Kennedy, Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin has yet to learn officially that he is to be dumped, he was listed only a likely kill. Hardin's people feel that their man may be vulnerable because farm groups and lobbyists have complained that Hardin has not spoken up for them loudly enough in Washington. White House po-

litical operatives may be blaming Hardin for the Republicans' unexpectedly poor farm-belt showing in the Nov. 3 elections. But congressional passage of the Administration's farm bill late last week has probably strengthened Hardin's hand with Nixon. He believes so, at any rate.

The names of several possible additions to the Administration were bruited in the rash of leaks and guesses. Among them was Gabriel Hauge, president of New York's Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co. and an Eisenhower economic adviser, who was mentioned as a possible successor to Kennedy. Hauge quickly scotched the rumor. "The silly season seems to be starting early this year," he said. Nixon is also said to want to make room for two outgoing Republican Congressmen who ran for the Senate at his urging and lost: George Bush of Texas and Clark MacGregor of Minnesota, both men he admires.

Besides the Moynihan shift, there were two other significant items on the Administration's personnel front. Donald Rumsfeld, chief of the Office of Economic Opportunity, fired Terry Lenzer, 31, head of OEO's program providing "ega" services to the poor (TIME, Oct. 26). The OEO recently tried to turn over to field offices some of Lenzer's administrative responsibilities. Lenzer accused Rumsfeld of "caving in" to politicians "who are determined to keep us from suing special interests close to them on behalf of the poor." Rumsfeld said Lenzer was "either unwilling or unable" to carry out OEO policies. Lenzer retorted: "The Administration apparently believes in bargain-basement justice for the poor."

The other item was the quiet resignation of Maurice Mann, chief economist in the Office of Management and Budget, known for his doubts about the Administration's efforts to control inflation. There is evidence that the President himself has now grown more concerned about the economic future. Last week he met with Kennedy, Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Paul M.

Cracken, Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans and Chairman Arthur Burns of the Federal Reserve Board.

On the Spot. What has Nixon worried is a letter from Pierre Rinfret, a Nixon economic adviser in 1967 and 1968, who is now a successful New York-based consultant to major U.S. corporations. If the Administration's economic game plan remains unchanged, said Rinfret in his assessment for the President, unemployment will rise to 7.9% by the end of 1971, and to a catastrophic 9.7% a year later. Those figures are somewhat extreme, but not wholly out of line with other expert forecasts. Rinfret wrote Nixon a month ago. Since the President saw his report, a White House aide says, "this place has been in turmoil. He's been walking the halls asking what we're going to do about this."

That is a threat to Nixon's 1972 chances that he cannot solve merely by shifting bodies around in Washington. The most important personnel change he can attempt is the replacement of Spiro Agnew on the Republican ticket, but whether he will do so is likely to remain a mystery until the spring of 1972. That decision will be made in cold political terms: Will Agnew add more than he will detract? TIME Senior Correspondent John Steele reports: "At the White House, Agnew's initial campaign hearing was seen as excellent. But by pouncing too hard, particularly in the

Congress: The Session in Between

It was like a train station at summer's end. There were the happy arrivals, trying to find a place to put their things. There were departures, some of them happy, some sad, some uncertain. There were comrades reunited. There was one man who arrived early, and there was one who refused to believe that he had to leave at all.

The occasion was the first full lame-duck session of Congress in 20 years, a meeting that will last until just before Christmas or, in Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott's wry prophecy, until "we reach the end of our mutual patience with each other." Before the week was out, considerable attrition of that patience had already taken place. In a vote that crossed party lines and had an indecipherable mixture of political and philosophical motives, the Senate Finance Committee voted 10 to 6 to reject President Nixon's Family Assistance Plan. The proposal, which would change the underlying philosophy of public assistance and is the Administration's most innovative step in the area of social legislation, aims at the ultimate reduction of welfare rolls by providing a guaranteed minimum income for the poor—including the working poor—and job training for the unemployed.

A central figure in the committee vote was Senator Fred Harris of Okla-

lahoma who keeps talking about how bad everything is. It's a real tragedy, we were so close." Moynihan also warned that if the welfare-reform bill fails this year, it will not become law for ten years. Certainly the chances of reviving it at this session are slim. It could come to the floor next year—perhaps under Democratic sponsorship.

Harris, in reply to his critics, charged that the President had continually altered the bill until "it's not a reform bill, it's regressive." Some originally liberal provisions had indeed been weakened in an effort to win conservative support. The latest version, for instance disqualifies 450,000 unemployed fathers now eligible for benefits.

Other issues caused far less excitement. The House passed a trade bill calling for more protectionism than the President sought; it may die in the Senate or be vetoed. Congress sent to Nixon an Administration farm bill, opposed by many farm-state Senators, which for the first time would limit subsidy payments to \$55,000 a year to any individual farm for each of three basic crops: cotton, wheat and feed grains.

Flushed Out. The ordinary routine of the Senate resumed. A photographer captured Senator Albert Gore, defeated after 32 years in Congress, sharing the Senate dining room—if not a table



"...OR, AS YOU MIGHT PUT IT, THE DEAD DUCK SESSION"



AGNEW & GORE IN SENATE DINING ROOM



BEARDED SENATOR HART

Will Christmas or the end of patience come first?

later stages of the campaign, and especially by his "Christine Jorgenson" remark about Senator Charles Goodell, he hurt himself where it counts most—the White House." By early 1972, Agnew may have consolidated his position with conservative Republicans so well that dumping him would create more problems than it would solve; or by then he may appear to be an overwhelming liability with liberal Republicans and independents. Agnew is cheerful enough about his situation. Before making a Honolulu speech last week, he remarked: "Any rumors that Richard Nixon will not be on the ticket with me in 1972 are totally without foundation."

homa, a very dark-horse Democratic aspirant for a 1972 presidential nomination. Harris, after steadfastly supporting the measure for months, voted against it. A Health, Education and Welfare Department official saw pure politics in Harris' switch, calling him that "goddamn bastard" who "just couldn't stand the idea of Richard Nixon getting credit for this bill." Liberal Democrat Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the White House Counselor who sold the President on the legislation, was even more bitter about Harris' role. He said "Two long years, only to have it killed by a man who should be for it more than anybody. Now the kids will go on eating bugs, and

—with Vice President Spiro Agnew, who contributed to Gore's political demise Senator Philip Hart, a diligent liberal Democrat but not a household name, made a bid to become one. He showed up with the first beard in the Senate in 31 years—the payoff on an election bet on himself. He had intended to keep his bristles hidden in northern Michigan, but the special session flushed him out.

Indiana's conservative Republican Representative Richard Roudsbusch would seem to be out in another sense. He does not see it that way. When asked what he would be doing now that he has apparently lost his race for the Senate against Vance Hartke, Roud-



SENATOR FRED HARRIS

A switch brings bitter charges

ebush raised his voice and said: "Nothing, nothing at all. I'm not thinking about anything except for that senatorial seat. I'm still going to pull it out." At latest reports, he had still lost by 4,383 votes and a recount may be made.

For one new Senator, the trip is short, happy and frustrating. Republican Representative J. Glenn Ball of Maryland, marking time in the House while preparing to take over the Senate seat of Joseph Tydings, complains that "no one moves over there, or over here, until the day of swearing in. The packing cases just pile up in both places. That may seem kind of funny, but actually it makes you want to cry."

For Adlai Stevenson, the household problems were simpler. The Republican he defeated for a Senate seat from Illinois, Ralph Tyler Smith, was in the chamber when Stevenson was sworn in last week ahead of everybody else. The two men established an amicable demilitarized zone as Stevenson took over three of the six rooms in Smith's suite in the old Senate Office Building. On Stevenson's side, people flowed in in a kind of happy chaos while a small boy cheerfully answered the phone; across the DMZ, a Smith aide said that things were pretty dull.

Unlike Stevenson, who got a head start in the seniority race because under Illinois law he could replace Smith immediately, the other new Senators and all new House members will be sworn in on the same day in January. In the Senate, seniority for newcomers is determined by prior political experience, but otherwise all are equal: each gets one unabridged dictionary, a desk, a divan and two chairs. Whatever else a Senator wants must come out of his office and staff allowance.

As in most exclusive clubs, the elders have an edge. About 50 Senators have small, separate office "hideaways" in the Capitol, where relaxation as well as business can be pursued in privacy. One "newcomer" poses a hideaway problem. Hubert Humphrey, said a Rules Committee staff member: "On the face of it, he shouldn't get a hideaway, but with all that prior service, I don't know what we're going to do." No such problems exist in the House, where newcomers will have their suites assigned by lottery.

The Importance of Being Muskie

On the eve of this month's elections Maine's Senator Edmund S. Muskie, 56, delivered a coolly effective TV rebuttal to the Nixon-Agnew campaign. The speech thrust Muskies far ahead of half a dozen other Democratic possibilities for the 1972 nomination. TIME Correspondent Hays Gorey talked with the front runner.

A NEWSPAPER contains an editorial cartoon that shows him evolving into Abraham Lincoln. It is rather heady stuff. Over a cup of coffee, Ed Muskies laughs. The comparison is familiar now and, as Muskies knows, mildly ridiculous. With a shy grin, he comments: "You know, after my election-eve speech someone told me that what I had said was a combination of Lincoln, Roosevelt and Winston Churchill." Again the hearty but not totally self-deprecating laugh. "After all," he says, "it was a partisan political speech. How could it be considered a great state paper?"

Razor-cut, trim, taut, essentially modest but nonetheless more self-confident than at any point in his political career, Muskies understands quite clearly where that speech has left him. There is nothing coy about his ambition. He wants to be President, and he is working hard at it. For months he has been assembling a broad group of advisers, experts in foreign policy, economics, weapons systems, budgets, social programs. In his shadow Cabinet, Cyrus Vance serves as Secretary of State, Walter Heller as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Paul Warnke as Secretary of Defense.

He plans to travel to Europe and perhaps to Asia early in the new year, with other trips to South America and Africa. He will also visit most states, solidifying his support. In the Senate, he will work at turning a Muskies program into a Democratic alternative to the President's.

Muskies senses a certain improbability in it all. "Why me?" he asks. "Four years ago you wouldn't have picked me. I'm low key. I'm from a small state. I did my work behind the scenes and it was undramatic work." Still in his new mood of self-assurance, Muskies finds the prospect of the presidency natural enough. "I think in the context of growth," he says, "I started at the local government level, went on to the legislature, became Governor, Senator, then a candidate for Vice President. Progression tends to build one's confidence that he can rise to the next level of responsibility."

With more than a year to go before the first primary of the 1972 campaign, a highly visible front runner might feel vulnerable to the dangers of peaking too early and of making mistakes. "Not at all," Muskies says. "Now I have an

enormous sense of independence. Now I don't have to strive to get attention, to shout and resort to gimmicks. It's so much easier to be myself. It's a question of style. I like to do things in a quieter, more meaningful way. Now I can do things my way."

Muskies admits to no reservations about seeking the presidency. "I've lived with the idea too long. What really frustrates me is not the magnitude of the job but the nuts-and-bolts things—not the issues but the lack of sufficient research on them. I know as well as anyone that the people who emerge as candidates for President aren't necessarily the best people to be President. Candidates emerge out of the political process. None of us is ideal. But when you combine success in the political process with ambition, you



MUSKIE ON ELECTION NIGHT

get your candidate. Maybe there are men—or women—outside the political process who could do better."

Muskies inherited a certain optimism from his Polish immigrant father, who taught him that under the American system everything is possible, provided one perseveres. Muskies has persevered. His aspirations are, however, tempered by a refreshing candor. In private with his closest associates, he has been known to bellow: "I'm not God! Will you get that straight? You come charging in here and demand that I take a firm stand on this or that. Has it ever occurred to you that I don't know enough about it to know what position to take?"

Sometimes he exasperates those who would like to march with him but find his candor too slow—and he knows it. He is, in fact, currently less ambiguous, terser, tougher than before. This encourages those close to him to urge him to move even faster, to declare himself ever more quickly and more sternly. It is then that Muskies reverts to type. "Hold on," he told an adviser who recently demanded that he speak out on an issue. "Let's never say anything that won't improve on silence."

THE WAR

Hitting North Again

Two weeks ago, North Vietnamese anti-aircraft fire shot down an unarmed U.S. RF-4 Phantom reconnaissance plane, killing the crew of two. Since then other reconnaissance flights have been fired on but not hit. Late last week the U.S. retaliated with what Defense Secretary Melvin Laird elaborately called "limited-duration protective-reaction air strikes"—a 24-hour series of raids involving nearly 150 U.S. fighter-bombers from airfields in South Vietnam and Thailand and from carriers in the Tonkin Gulf. Radio Hanoi asserted that the U.S. had attacked the port of Haiphong and other targets in the northern part of the country, the Pentagon insisted that the bombing took place below the 19th parallel, in the southern panhandle of North Vietnam.

It was the biggest air attack on the North since early May, when U.S. jets raided supply routes just after the Cambodian invasion. This time the planes struck farther north than at any time since full-scale bombing stopped at Lyndon Johnson's order on Nov. 1, 1968.

The U.S. assault was delayed for a week after the RF-4 incident because targets were obscured by bad weather. It was also held off because the North Vietnamese had moved their MIG fighters south toward the Demilitarized Zone in anticipation of a U.S. strike. The Air Force and Navy jets attacked only after the MIGs returned north. The U.S. said that the targets were limited to anti-aircraft and surface-to-air missile sites, though some nearby troop concentrations and supply dumps were probably hit as well. Hanoi asserted that the Americans had hit a prisoner-of-war camp north of the North Vietnamese capital, wounding several captured U.S. pilots, a number of civilians were killed. Hanoi added Hanoi also claimed to have shot down five U.S. jets and one helicopter.

Invented Fable. U.S. planes have been involved in more than 60 incidents over North Vietnam since the bombing halt. Only a day before the latest attacks, U.S. and North Vietnamese negotiators argued at the Paris peace talks over the American right to carry out unarmed reconnaissance. Ambassador David K.E. Bruce insisted that the U.S. made it clear when the bombing stopped that it would continue overflights. North Vietnam's Xuan Thi said there was no such agreement, tacit or explicit, between Hanoi and Washington. It is "an invented fable" that "contradicts all logic."

Another Hanoi spokesman denounced the raids as "an extremely serious act of war against the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, a brazen violation of its sovereignty and security." One thing that may vex Hanoi is that by its count, the number of U.S. overflights is on the rise—from 7,970 in 1969 to 11,180 so far this year.



SGT MITCHELL WIFE & MOTHER LEFT
Exonerated for the first defendant

ARMED FORCES

One Not Guilty for My Lai

Over two years ago in a village called My Lai, the U.S. Army believes that some of its soldiers participated in the massacre of unarmed Vietnamese men, women and children. Last week Lieut. William L. Calley went on trial at Fort Benning, Ga., for the premeditated murder of 102 My Lai villagers. In all, the Army has charged 17 men in connection with the incident. As Calley's court-martial got under way, the first of these soldiers to come to trial, S/Sgt. David Mitchell, 30, was exonerated by a military court at Fort Hood, Texas.

It took the seven-officer jury six hours and 40 minutes of deliberation to find Sgt. Mitchell not guilty of assault with intent to murder 30 Vietnamese civilians in an irrigation ditch. The charges against Mitchell carried maximum penalties of 20 years in prison.

It was a trial marked by peculiarities. The trial judge prohibited four key prosecution witnesses from testifying because a House subcommittee that had investigated My Lai had not released transcripts of the soldiers' testimony during the committee's closed hearings. The U.S. Army prosecutor rested the case against Mitchell after only six hours. Just three witnesses were called by the prosecution, although 14 had been subpoenaed and seven were at Fort Hood waiting to take the stand. At that time Prosecutor Captain Michael Swan tried to dismiss speculation that the abbreviated case was an attempt to whitewash the events at My Lai by asserting that his three witnesses had proved the charges.

Two of the prosecution witnesses swore that they saw Mitchell standing at the ditch, and that they heard rifle fire. But neither could swear that they saw Mitchell shoot anyone. The third Radioman Charles Sledge, said he was

"positive" he saw Mitchell firing at the civilians. Mitchell's civilian defense attorney, Ossie B. Brown, discredited Sledge's account, quoting testimony Sledge gave to Army investigators. "I believe it was Sgt. Mitchell firing into the ditch." The testimony of a prosecution witness, Dennis Conti, was weakened when fellow Army witnesses swore that they had heard Conti declare: "He [Mitchell] tried to get me killed in the field. I don't care if they hang him now." Mitchell took the stand and, when Captain Swan asked him about his role in the assault on the village, burst into tears and said "I've been thinking about it for a year and a half and I'm positive I shot at no one."

Got the Military. Defense Attorney Brown argued to the jury (two colonels, three captains and two lieutenants, six of them Viet Nam veterans) that the trial was an attempt to discredit the Army itself. "I don't like to see the prosecution on of any young man sent to fight for his country. I don't like what is happening in this country today. Some elements are trying to undermine and destroy the military of this country. They'd love to gut the military because when you gut the military, you destroy a country. Every time you turned around, some liberal bird would get out and make a speech or write a book about [My Lai]. This decision will have impact on all young men who will serve their country. We need soldiers such as Sgt. Mitchell," Brown concluded. "Let's not betray him."

The court-martial of Lieut. Calley will not turn on such simplistic arguments. Trial Judge Colonel Reid W. Kennedy indicated that he would allow defense lawyers to examine witnesses about broader areas, such as Army policy toward search-and-destroy missions and "free-fire zones," thus calling into question not only Lieut. Calley's conduct at My Lai, but the conduct of the Viet Nam War.

OPINION

Bureau of Vituperation

For nearly half a century, under eight Presidents and 16 Attorneys General, J. Edgar Hoover has commanded the Federal Bureau of Investigation with the zeal and jealous authority of a Chinese war lord, protecting the U.S. against enemies within and his agency's turf against all meddling from without. Today, at 75, Hoover directs an army of more than 7,000 agents—with an extra 1,000 reinforcements on the way, authorized this year by Congress.

Insecurity ought to be the least of Hoover's problems. Yet he can be painfully thin-skinned. Last month, 15 FBI agents dropped out of their courses at New York's John Jay College of Criminal Justice because a professor made a critical remark about Hoover. Two weeks later, the Bureau ordered eleven more FBI employees to withdraw from a class at the American University in Washington, D.C.—again because the professor had disparaged Hoover's leadership.* (The professor later apologized, and five of the FBI students returned.)

Last week Hoover came in for some insults that, he decided, demanded his personal attention. In a new book called *Crime in America* (see Books), former Attorney General Ramsey Clark claimed, among other things, that Hoover ran the FBI with a "self-centered concern for his own reputation" and preferred archaic Red-hunting to effective war on organized crime.

A Jellyfish. Hoover was sufficiently annoyed to grant the Washington *Post's* Ken Clawson a rare and lengthy personal interview in his mahogany-walled bursary. Clark, said Hoover, "was like a jellyfish... a softie," and "even worse than Bobby Kennedy. You never knew which way he was going to flop on an issue." By contrast, said Hoover, Ramsey's dad, former Attorney General and Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark, was "a good strong man." The best of all, however, is Attorney General John Mitchell—"an honest, sincere and very human man."

Observed Ramsey Clark next day, "Mr. Hoover has never been very tolerant of criticism." At the same time, he announced the formation of a Committee for Public Justice, a group of legal experts, writers, scientists and others concerned that the nation has entered "a period of political repression." His father had the last word. Questioned about the crossfire, Tom Clark, 71, said of Hoover: "He's been there 45 years and built a very distinguished and effective bureau. We're both getting pretty old. That's why I retired."

* Humorist Art Buchwald spotted the implications of the trend. It is all part of a widespread conspiracy among university professors, Buchwald wrote in his syndicated column. Knowing that the FBI has planned undercover agents among student radicals, the professors are furiously criticizing Hoover in lectures, then watching to see which shoeless, bearded long hairs stamp out of the class in protest.



EAGLE SCOUT JAMES CLARK



STONERS IN UNIFORM
Never victims of a needle high.

YOUTH

Digging the Stoners

They are not exactly Norman Rockwell's image of Boy Scouts, but then they do not inhabit a Rockwellian America. The 60 members of Boy Scout Troop 503 live in a ghetto of South Brooklyn, and they call themselves the "Blacks and Puerto Rican Stoners" to indicate that they are as hard and as solid as stone. Their uniforms are Army-type fatigues, combat boots and green berets. In addition to being "trustworthy" and "loyal," the Stoners promise to "have ethnic pride," and they pledge allegiance to the flag with clenched fists over their hearts. Their oath, "On my honor I will do my best to help my brother and sister at all times, and to help build up my community and my nation."

At one time the Stoners, and similar ghetto troops in Cincinnati and Philadelphia, would have been alien to the Boy Scouts' essentially white, middle-class orientation. Today they epitomize the Boy Scouts of America's search for "relevance." Foremost on Scouting's list of reorganized priorities is reaching the ghetto youth, who traditionally rejected Scouting because it seemed just another white do-gooder organization or had little relation to his city existence.

No Jive. With this goal in mind, the national Scout organization has been working hard to make its troops more pertinent in the wilderness of the inner cities. Instead of learning how to map the countryside, city Scouts map out their subway and bus systems. Last year, in recognition of the often matriarchal nature of inner-city black society, Scouting executives broke a 59-year tradition by recruiting women as Scoutmasters and older girls as Scout leaders.

The B.S.A. has also faced up to the drug problem: last May, after Scouts at a conference in Denver admitted having experimented with drugs, a new pledge was devised in which Scouts forswear the use of drugs and promise to try to get non-Scout friends to make the same commitment.

Whether anyone in Scout headquarters envisioned troops such as the Brooklyn Stoners is another matter. Certainly their chant would startle some suburban Scoutmasters. "Stoners, Stoners, hard as we can be. Stoners, Stoners, for real. Dig on me. Never victims of a needle high. Hard work, cleaning up dirt and a forward strive, no jive. That's our high."

But so far, Scout brass have taken a pragmatic line. "The boy in the ghetto had no real basis for many of the things we talked about," says national Chief Scout Executive Alden Barber. "So we had to make the program acceptable to him."

Treading Rat Bites. However unconventional they may be in dress and tone, the Stoners do not entirely rule out the traditional. Their Scoutmasters

—mostly young Viet Nam veterans—do instruct them in camping and field survival. This month the troop will journey to Camp Alpine, N.J., to hike, camp and cook out. But it is still the allure of survival in the city that seems most attractive to the Stoners. "I dig the Stoners because they teach us how to live in the city," says Ricardo Reed, 14. "They teach us how to treat rat bites and stuff like that."

The appeal is a broad one, and the Scouts are using it elsewhere across the country. In Philadelphia, the B.S.A., unsuccessful for years in organizing troops by neighborhood areas, found that it was able to organize by blocks if the effort was centered on projects such as cleanup campaigns. In Cincinnati, a Scoutmobile threads its way through the ghetto, serving as a troop meeting place, a recruitment office and a library. Says George Freeman, director of the B.S.A.'s Washington Bureau: "We are no longer a white middle-class movement."

Scout executives faced another problem in rural Foster Center, R.I. James Clark, 16, a Life Scout with 22 merit badges and an exemplary record, was refused promotion to the rank of Eagle Scout by his local council because, in the words of Council Head Robert Parkinson, "we cannot in clear conscience allow any boy to the rank of Eagle Scout who is an admitted atheist."

As it turned out, Clark's father was an atheist. No one had bothered to ask the young Scout his views. When Scout authorities did, he admitted that he had no formal religious affiliations, but allowed that "very likely there is a controlling power over us all. One should do his duty to God, whatever that is—not what organized religion says it should be, but what one really believes." That was enough for Parkinson, who last week endorsed Clark for the Eagle rank "without reservation."

HARDING IN HAMMOCK TENT



CLIMBING EL CAPITAN

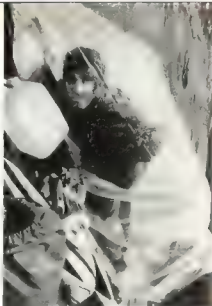


ADVENTURE

The Conquest of El Capitan

It was a classic feat: two men against the unforgiving granite face of a mountain. From a beginning without fanfare, through a frustrating, storm-slowed ascent to a triumphant end, the assault on the Wall of the Early Morning Light—the sheerest approach to the summit of Yosemite's El Capitan Peak—was an atavism. For those who watched, it was like all high adventure, an escape from the ambiguities of ordinary life where seldom are there clean, finite beginnings, middles and ends to anything, and unalloyed success is rarer still.

Warren Harding (no kin to the President) had led the first conquest of El Capitan by the easier, "Nose" route in 1958. He met Dean Caldwell, a climber since his teens, in a bar in the Yosemite Lodge two years ago, and the



HARDING IN PLASTIC BAG
Chinese noodle soup.

two set out to master the most difficult path up the 3,000-ft. cliff in their first climb together. Harding, 46, and Caldwell, 27, hauled 300 pounds of equipment. They averaged only 150 ft. each day, screwing expansion bolts into the wall as they inched their way upward. The ascent—originally scheduled to take twelve days—stretched into the longest continuous effort in the history of rock climbing in Yosemite.

As the climb lengthened, officials and fellow climbers worried that the two would run out of supplies; a rescue party was organized, but the climbers refused to be taken off the mountain. Harding and Caldwell lessened their rations by half and "found that we felt better and stronger. The only problem was that we thought about food a great deal. We'd fantasize about things like Chinese noodle soup or sweet rolls and hot coffee."

At night, they slept roped to the side of the mountain, inside a Harding-designed hammock-tent that was suspended from several pitons. They usually climbed from 7 a.m. until 5 p.m., and during the entire ordeal found only three ledges wide enough to stand on. There were two falls during the ascent. Harding cut his hands and legs after a piton gave way; Caldwell took a similar spill, "slithering down like a ride in an amusement park." Both men were in good condition at the end.

When they reached the top, they found friends who had hiked up the less rigorous side of the peak and were waiting with champagne and the fantasy foods requested in messages dropped to the Yosemite Valley floor. Also in attendance were 40 reporters and cameramen, one of whom finally provided activity for the would-be rescuers. While the climbers celebrated near by, a member of one of the television crews, suffering from a hernia, had to be carried off the mountain by a park-ranger rescue squad.

The Latest American Exodus

HENRY JAMES, the celebrated literary expatriate of the 19th century, once described America as "a great unendowed, unfurnished, unentertained and unentertaining continent." Paris in the 1920s was mecca for a whole gallery of artistic émigrés whom Gertrude Stein labeled the Lost Generation. Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Pound and Cummings led a luminous lot. Now there is a new kind of American expatriate abroad in the world, drawn from the whole spectrum of U.S. society. Collectively, they lack the glamour of their famous predecessors, and their personal motives are different: the expatriates of the 1920s left America looking for art and excitement, while the new expatriates are avoiding the pressures and problems of American life today (see *Essay, next page*). In an unconscious echo of James, one of them—Reginald Rose, a television playwright now living in London—calls the U.S. "uncomfortable, unloving and unreal."

Most of the 2,500,000 Americans abroad, of course, are emissaries of U.S. corporations and the U.S. Government. The alienated exiles are only a minority, but their numbers are impressive and increasing. The best estimates are that some 40,000 Americans now leave the U.S. each year intending not to return. More than half of them go next door to Canada, which is welcoming twice as many emigrants from the U.S. in 1970 as it did ten years ago. Israel, Australia and Britain get the next largest groups; other Americans are picking up such disparate domiciles as Algeria, Ghana, Laos and New Zealand. Most of the self-exiles are in their 20s and 30s. Many are well-educated professionals or highly skilled technicians. While some have already renounced their U.S. citizenship or plan to do so soon, most have no intention of surrendering their familiar pale blue, plastic-covered passports. Many of the new expatriates will return, as did most of the writers of the Parisian 1920s. Few give up all contact with the U.S., some reflect not so much a rejection of the U.S. as a kind of psychic statelessness. Says one American writer now living near Grasse in the south of France, "I will never feel that I fit in. Perhaps the definition of an expatriate is just that—one who doesn't fit, an Ishmael of momentarily fixed address. But I would never again fit into the States either."

Leaving one's native land is an intensely personal decision, and no two people make it for exactly the same reasons. Few are so sweeping as Actress Patricia Neal, who has lived in England since 1953. "I don't like anything that's happening in America—period." But some common strands run through many of the complaints. One is political polarization. Says Harold Kaplan, a newly minted Canadian citizen and chairman

of the political-science department at Toronto's York University: "People who used to be reasonable liberals have been pushed far out to the right or to the left, so you now have one group that wants to overthrow the system and another that is sickeningly reactionary. People are going berserk."

Another source of malaise is surfeit with politics, a turn toward personalism. Says Thom Pringle, 29, an Indianan with degrees in engineering and business administration now living on Spain's Costa del Sol: "I don't want to fight America's problems. I'm too busy with my own."

More obviously, there are objections to the Viet Nam War and to the growing difficulties of day-to-day living in the U.S.—urban congestion, pollution, racial unrest, constant apprehension over violence and crime. Actor Steve McQueen plans to move with his wife and two children to Switzerland next year. Says his wife Neile, who was a friend of the murdered Sharon Tate, "I sleep with a gun under my pillow because I don't trust anybody. We have an electric alarm at the gate and house alarm system, and it's still not enough. This is no way to live."

Also, there is unease about what happens to the young in America. Insurance Salesman Frederick Marsh took his wife and two sons, aged seven and nine, to Australia from Houston a year ago. Of his children, he says: "Here they're going to have more years as boys doing the things boys should want to do. They are not going to find themselves involved in politics or racial issues as early as they would in the States, and they're going to grow up with a higher sense of values." Marsh speaks for many others when he says, "We have no regrets at all." Sculptor Peter Rockwell, 34, is the son of Mr. American Painter Norman Rockwell; he has made his home in Italy for nine years. "Occasionally I felt guilty in the mid-1960s, but not now," he says.

A sampler of diverse American expatriates, 1970-style

IRVING HARRISON, 50, moved his family and his architectural practice from New York City to Barcelona last spring. He was a McCarthy delegate to the 1968 Democratic National Convention, and it was there, he says, that he "began turning off." He explains: "We went with the belief that we could still change the whole picture, and we got slapped down like so many children. I no longer believe that the thinking, responsible adult can actually make a difference."

"We were typical middle-class, sub-

urban, professional Americans who had made it. We were socially and politically involved. We had all the security one could ask for, and we were miserable. We had everything one could want materially, and we felt increasingly empty. We had all the latest in status symbols, and we discovered that the human elements were missing."

"We were sympathetic to the problems of the young and found ourselves increasingly turned off by friends who kept mouthing the same old clichés. I got interested in a movement of young blacks who had taken over a church in Harlem: I got a group of people together to take them food on weekends."



THE DEE FAMILY IN ONTARIO
The Maple Leaf looks good.

I began to get hate mail, and some of my clients dropped their accounts. I was aghast. I thought, What is happening to people? This is not the country I have loved. This hate—it's becoming a life-style. I had to decide whether that was what I wanted for the rest of my life and for my children's. I yes, and I made my decision."

CHET MORRISON, 32, moved to Mexico City not long after graduating from Vermont's Windham College earlier this year. He is already doing well as a professional photographer. "They classified me IY, so I escaped the draft," he says. "But I definitely would have left the States to avoid it—if not here in Mexico then somewhere else. I think the war in Viet Nam is immoral and I don't want my taxes to support it."

"My life-style revolves around my work—photography. I don't do other



MRS. GARRY PASKUS AT SPANISH STEPS
Only five years behind America.

anybody else's doing what I've done or thinking what I'm thinking. Everybody ought to do his own thing. I don't want to do anybody else's, and I don't want anybody to do mine. I feel myself a citizen of the universe, and I've never felt particularly American. I don't miss Mom's apple pie because Mom never baked any."

JOHN and RAYME DEE moved from Buffalo to the Hamilton, Ont., suburb of Ancaster just over three years ago. They have ten children, all under 16. Dee is in his 40s; he was once an administrator at Buffalo's Roswell Park cancer research institute, now works full time as a television actor and also heads his own theatrical production company. Dee has no sympathy for draft dodg-

ers: "I still believe that the U.S. has a good system of government. I believe that those people who flee the country to avoid the draft, if they feel that strongly about it, should stay in the country and try to make changes from within." Says his wife: "It's not really that we hate the U.S., it's just that we like Canada that much better."

She complains about Ontario's antiquated liquor laws, and her husband misses U.S.-style taverns and seafood. But there are more important compensations. Says Dee: "One thing that struck us as we drove around was the number of toys, wagons, tricycles and bicycles that people leave out on their lawns overnight. You just wouldn't do that in the States; they would vanish." Despite Quebec separatist terrorists, Mrs. Dee feels safer in Canada: "I'm really scared when I go back across the border now, and you can notice that the kids are too," she says. "They read and see on television what's going on in the States today, and they can hardly wait to get back to Canada. That Maple Leaf flag looks wonderful when you get halfway across the bridge on the way back."

Racist Mold. The Americans who embark for Canada, Mexico or Europe fit no special pattern, but there are three places that attract particular

types of emigrants. Israel has found a 300% increase in American immigration since the Six-Day War of 1967; the 1970 total will be well over 6,000. Says Perry Rothaus, 32, a transplant from Philadelphia to Tel Aviv: "I'm Jewish, and I'm idealistic. America is a bit too big for me. I'm lost there. The U.S. will never miss me. Here I can grow with a small developing country, and I'm appreciated for whatever I can give."

There are few who are bitter about America, though many fear a strong swing to the right. Says Austrian-born Economist Alfred Gomer, 40, who became a naturalized U.S. citizen at ten



PETER ROCKWELL IN HOME STUD O
An increasing, alienated minority

TIME ESSAY

LETTER TO A NEW EXPATRIATE

WHAT a civilized city, you said, as you stood on the doorstep of your house, your rented castle, looking up and down the quiet street. The mellow lamplight and the shadow of the trees combined to form a second dusk, in which the sounds of nearing footsteps and the noise of an approaching car brought only mild curiosity, not apprehension. Yes, you are right. London is a civilized city. It has strikes, demonstrations, skinhead forays against hippies, and racial troubles with its West Indians, Africans and Pakistanis. But compared to America's big cities, it is profoundly at peace.

The same is true of the cities on the Continent. Rebuilt or refurbished since World War II, they gleam and they function. Crime is a frequent outrage, but not an epidemic. Police are not loved, but they are not the target of guerrilla warfare. Drug abuse is growing, but it is still an aberration, not a commonplace. In Paris, even the telephones seem to work better than in New York now, though that must surely be an illusion. All around, within easy commuting distance by clean, modern train, are the beauties and playgrounds of a wealthy, comfortable continent.

It is a joy to live in Europe's civilized cities, especially on an American income, and that is part of the reason why so many Americans are living abroad, yourself included. This is not to suggest that you are all escapist. Most of you have important jobs that need to be done. But some of you cling to these jobs with tenacity, almost desperation, terrified at being vent home. And some of you have deliberately chosen Europe as a healing exile from the fevers of America. You are not fleeing stagnation but strife, not bourgeois conformity but the rant of radicalism or reaction. What you are seeking in Europe is security, peace, order.

In Europe today, war between nations seems almost unthinkable, and the war between classes has been largely muffled in a vast, soft blanket of welfareism. But you must remember, as you enjoy the blessings of this peace, that in large measure it is the peace of exhaustion after a millennium of bloodletting. In the U.S. we have insisted on try-

ing to contain the equivalents of Europe's wars and revolutions within one system—a fantastic enterprise.

Europe's attitude toward its history, as toward nature, is endurance. The American attitude toward history is more defiant: more domineering. "We shall overcome" is the most American of slogans. America is so much more torn today than Europe because we still demand so much more of ourselves. Europeans in their bitterly acquired wisdom smile at the demands America makes on itself, or are horrified by them. But these demands are part of our consciousness, and we must continue to live with them until we satisfy them (or until they destroy us, which is also possible).

What are these demands? One of them is our insistence on being a world power, an ambition that Europe's nations gave up, on the whole with relief, after World War II. Whatever our recent misgivings, we are still forced to play our global role by virtue of our strength, our wealth and our often dangerous but irreplaceable sense of mission.

A far more important demand is domestic; the demand that we must be not only a just but an open society. Europe has produced admirably just societies, but none of Europe's homogeneous nations is as open as ours, or can afford to be. Having always been more or less amenable to foreign immigration and internal migration, we still insist on accommodating a racial, ethnic and social diversity that would tear other nations apart. The equilibrium of Britain is quickly upset by a few thousand Commonwealth immigrants. France forces its Algerian migrant workers to live in misery that has produced severe strain—although no widespread outrage. That is often the difference between the U.S. and Europe: the capacity for outrage.

Many of us seek to deny or hide the dislocations and defects of our society behind moralistic and patriotic affirmations behind smugness and chauvinism. Yet, when those defenses fail, we erupt in a rage that is essentially self-critical. Any American failure, including injustice, is an affront to us. That may be a special sort of pride, and it



REGINALD ROSE & WIFE IN LONDON

and moved to Israel last year: "I saw Hitler march into Vienna, and I don't care to wait around in America to see it happen again."

One of Australia's attractions is its stringent limitation on admitting non-whites as residents. Many Americans there, says Journalist Timothy Leach, 28, who moved to Sydney from St. Louis four months ago, "fit into the racist or reactionary mold." Admits Texan Frederick Marsh, "I suppose that's one of the main reasons we made the move to Australia: we knew there was nothing to be frightened of racially."

The complement is that some blacks look to Africa for exile. Algeria has become a haven for Black Panthers like Eldridge Cleaver; Ghana and Nigeria, notably, attract blacks in search of identity and freedom from racial discrimination. One New York black who insists that he has "no use for revolution-

aries," plans to emigrate with his family next year to a 5,000-acre beef-cattle farm that he has put his \$25,000 stake into. "We will be part of Ghana," he says. "We are not part of this country."

More Rape, More Dope. Emigration, however, is no easy solution—particularly for those Americans who must live on the local economy wherever they settle. Americans in Australia estimate that their living standard drops some 10%. In Israel, U.S. immigrants often become disenchanting over high costs and low salaries last year 30% of the American families and about 60% of the single Americans who arrived returned without settling. Americans who work for U.S. firms or for the Government abroad can usually live better than they could at home, but for the new expatriates the reverse is more often true. Writers, artists and actors whose work calls for travel make up a kind of tourist-class jet set; they have less difficulty adapting than most. Making new close friends with Europeans also presents problems for Americans in such relatively closed societies as England and France.

Equally important, unless a new expatriate heads for some truly remote fastness, there is no ultimate escape from the



IRVING HARRISON IN BARCELONA
Hate is becoming a life-style.

problems besetting the U.S. In Torremolinos, Thom Pringle is searching for a country with guaranteed long-range stability; those are hard to find—if they have ever existed. Michael Milliken, who emigrated to Australia earlier this year, finds that pollution in Sydney is worse than back home in Detroit. Mrs. Garry Paskus, who lives elegantly near Rome's Spanish Steps, complains: "Italy is only five years behind America and catching up fast. There's more and more rape and robbery, more dope." Writer James Baldwin, who has long divided his time between the U.S. and France, observes: "It's not possible for an American to be an expatriate any more. Wherever you go, you'll find that the American problems have been expatriated with you."

affects us all. Gradually, reluctantly, it moves even those who most loudly try to drown out this arrogant American science by proclaiming the glories of the status quo. Ultimately, we are still a nation haunted by the need for religion, and since formal religion has lost its grip on so many, we are searching for substitutes. We are not yet in Eliot's phrase, "decent godless people." Often we are not at all decent, but rarely are we godless—in the sense that we still approach our social and practical problems with an almost religious fervor. It is this quality that gives our self-criticism its special fury. It has made us try harder than any other nation to reform our life and still preserve what we regard as our style of freedom.

The American attitude is full of dangers of pride deflated, of aspirations disappointed, of virtue turned into narcissism and eventually into hate. Nor is there any assurance that the American passion for self-criticism and self-improvement will necessarily continue or if it continues, that it will succeed. This is precisely the point, the task one faces in America today, and there is none more exacting: the task of criticizing America without vitally injuring it, of changing the country without destroying it; on the other hand, the task of defending America without confirming it in smugness, of upholding its best values without enshrining moral mediocrity.

The feat may appear desperately difficult at times, but the means to accomplish it are still at hand in America. No one does it simply by being in the U.S. Most Americans who live abroad do far more for America than the indifferent or uncaring or hostile citizen at home. This country's very openness means that its people are free to come and go, to live anywhere without restraint or reproach. But for many, to be away from America right now seems wrong. It is that way for the simplest, the most emotional and the most practical of reasons: because America is in trouble, because America is fighting a kind of internal battle and it is good to be a part of it. This is a war to which no conscientious objection is admissible. Rally round the flag? Yes, and in a sense rally round the flag burners, too, for none of us can wholly escape responsibility for their disaffection.

What can you do at home now? Unless you occupy a po-

sition of power, very little—and everything. You can live a certain kind of life. You can demonstrate, or try to, that it is still possible to lead a reasonably normal existence without giving way to fear or fury, that it is still possible to raise children given some luck, without turning them into implacable enemies. You can help to maintain and replenish the precious reserves of tolerance if only with a quiet word here a small action there. That may seem desperately inadequate against the fanaticism of both left and right, but the sum of many such words and actions may eventually sway the balance between reason and unreason. You can, above all, help redefine the meaning of American democracy as it has been redefined in every generation since the founding. America is involved in an experiment with meaning for all the world to discover whether it is possible to have a technological society that is also humane and just.

Of course, you can love America wherever you happen to live. But at home, right now, one's love comes in sudden bursts, like pain or memory, amid the daily clamor. What do you miss by not being in the U.S. at this time? You miss the landscapes of your real or imaginary home, whether the hills of Pennsylvania or Virginia, the fogs of San Francisco or Nantucket. You miss the inconvenience, the drabness, the dirt of our cities, and the grim, rather moving determination that something must be done about "the environment," a term that Americans are beginning to use as a joint synonym for nature and fate. You miss the girls their long American legs struggling between mini and midi, while Women's Lib demands that their brains be finally respected, used and paid for.

You miss the endless arguments that threaten to push you beyond the brink of reason until, at moments, you find a spark of understanding between seemingly irreconcilable opposites. You miss the almost palpable effort, both painful and exhilarating, that is often required to resist anger or despair. You miss a sense of being where the action is, where the decisions happen. You miss, finally, the balance that must be struck anew each day between All Is Lost and Everything Is Possible.

• Henry Grunwald

THE WORLD



LIVING & DEAD ON CYCLONE DEVASTATED HATIA ISLAND IN GANGES DELTA

Pakistan: When The Demon Struck

ABOVE the howling wind and the driving rain, the villagers of Manpura Island could hear an unholy roar welling up from the Bay of Bengal. "It was pitch dark," said Abdul Jabbar last week, "but suddenly I saw a gigantic luminous crest heading toward our village." Jabbar managed to survive the lethal 120-m.p.h. cyclone and the 20-ft. tidal wave that followed, but most of his neighbors were less fortunate. All but 5,000 of Manpura Island's 30,000 people died in the surging waters. Most of the island's cattle, sheep, goats and buffaloes were drowned, and its fishing boats were swept out to sea. Manpura is only one of scores of islands and coastal flats that found themselves in the path of the murderous storm that struck the teeming, impoverished Ganges Delta region of East Pakistan.

Staggering Sight. By the time the government finishes counting the casualties, the great Ganges cyclone may rank as the worst natural disaster of the 20th century—and one of the worst of all recorded history. The figures transcend normal comprehension and numb the mind. Officially, the toll at the end of last week stood at 150,000, the only natural catastrophe to claim more lives in this century was the 1920 earthquake that killed 180,000 in Kansu, China. Yet the government concedes that its count is far from complete and that newspaper estimates of 300,000 to 600,000 dead may well prove correct. The *Pakistan Times* predicted that the figure might rise to 1,000,000. That would place the East Pakistan storm second to mankind's worst recorded natural disaster—China's Yellow River flood of 1887, in which anywhere from 1,000,000 to 7,000,000 perished, so widespread was the destruction, covering 50,000 sq. mi., that no really accurate estimate has ever been made.

Whatever the final toll, the East Pakistan catastrophe has al-



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ready reached such dimensions as to make it seem unreal. Up close, it is real enough. Cabled Timur's Ghulam Malik after a tour of Manpura Island. I could not walk 200 yards without passing heaps of bloated bodies. For miles, animal carcasses littered the landscape. The stench was appalling, the sight of parents hovering over their dead children staggering. My legs shook."

Moss Graves. In the golden sunlight that followed the demonic storm, the survivors could see horrendous devastation on every side. Ocean-going ships were torn apart in the turbulent bay or driven aground and left stranded. Beaches and whole islands were strewn with bodies. On 13 small islands near Patuakhali, not a single human being was left alive. Paddies were blackened with salt water, the rice crop destroyed. "It looks like a graveyard with no sign of life,"

boo pole and was swept 26 miles to safety. Several survivors held tenaciously to the tails of terrified cattle. Six children were washed ashore in a wooden chest, they had been thrown into it by their grandfather, but he perished and the tiny ark bobbed precariously in the Bay of Bengal for three days.

Few others were so lucky. One reason for the huge losses is the nature of the region. East Pakistan, with a population of 72 million, is roughly the size of Arkansas but has 36 times as many people. The fertile islands and lowlands of the Ganges Delta have practically no elevation at all; Manpura Island, for instance, lies 20 feet above sea level.

Trickles of Relief. Unprotected and overpopulated, the region is a disaster waiting to happen. And disaster has struck repeatedly. An 1876 cyclone



ELDERLY PAKISTANI SURVIVOR
An expression beyond words

Almost a week passed before relief flights began to trickle food and medicine to the ravaged islands. On many islands, cholera and typhoid fever arrived several days in advance of government relief supplies.

Pray to Allah. There were suggestions that the relief operation was delayed by indifference to the fate of East Pakistan among government officials in the capital, Islamabad, which is situated far away in the western part of the segmented nation. Bureaucratic truculence also helped. The government insisted for several days that helicopters offered by the U.S., Britain and other nations be flown by Pakistani pilots. West Germany's offer of a fully manned 150-bed field hospital simply went unanswered; the Pakistanis later explained lamely that they would have been unable to feed the German doctors and nurses. Ordinary inefficiency exacted a toll too. It took 24 hours for a cabled message from the International Red Cross delegate in Dacca to reach the organization's headquarters in Geneva.

In the absence of official help, the survivors launched a relief effort of their own. From the air, the could be seen building new huts and frying brine-soaked rice. In the past, many islanders have dreamed of building sea walls, but such vast undertakings have always been put aside as impracticable. "We can control the flood," said Pakistan's President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan last week, "but what can we do against the cyclone? We can only pray to Allah for mercy."

That advice was hardly likely to console one Kalam Mia, who roamed through Chardarvesh village last week looking into the faces of 2,000 dead children in search of his ten-year-old son. He never found the boy. "And now," said a neighbor, "he raves like a madman, and in his eyes is an expression beyond words."



MAN WHO LOST HIS ENTIRE FAMILY WEEPS ON FRIEND'S SHOULDER
A catastrophe beyond comprehension.

an official reported after flying over Hatia Island. At one village, when a newsman asked why hundreds of bodies had been left unburied, a man cried "We have buried 5,000 in mass graves. Our hands are aching. We can't dig any more."

In Noakhali, a woman pointed to a child's body that had lodged in the branches of a tree and wailed, "Give me my son." At Bhola, Hazrat Ali was counting corpses when suddenly he came upon the body of his little girl. He sobbed and buried his head on the dead child's chest.

No Children. A large percentage of the victims were children lost in the swirling water. Relief workers who managed to reach one island with emergency supplies reported that the local population had no need for children's clothing, no children had survived.

Some were miraculously spared. Mo Jan Modan Shahna, 18, clung to a bunt-

killed 200,000 in the Bay of Bengal, and no fewer than eight major cyclones hit the region in the 1960s. The Indian Ocean's cyclones—the equivalent of the Atlantic's hurricanes and the Pacific's typhoons—are gigantic tropical storms that act like outsize rotary engines sucking up and circulating the moist air that hangs over the halmv waters of the Bay of Bengal. The heat energy released in this process energizes the ferocious winds that in turn create the tidal waves.

Despite the region's obvious vulnerability to such storms, Pakistani authorities were woefully ill prepared to cope with the newest catastrophe. No disaster plan was ready to be put into operation. Even after the Dacca *Morning News* carried a story headlined FLEWS OF THOUSANDS KILLED, the local administration was preoccupied with such matters as a reception in honor of Asian Highway Car Rally drivers

Khrushchev: Notes from a Forbidden Land

I NOW live like a hermit on the outskirts of Moscow. I communicate only with those who guard me from others—and who guard others from me." Thus begin the reminiscences of former Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev, who was the most powerful man in the Soviet Union from 1955 until his downfall in 1964. Khrushchev's rather forlorn comment on his enforced six-year silence is all the more poignant coming from a man who stood for so long at the center of history. At week's end the ex-Premier, 76, was ad-

his reminiscences to any publication. "This is a fabrication and I am indignant at this," Khrushchev said. His language, however, fell far short of a blanket denial. Moreover, British Sovietologist Edward Crankshaw, who wrote an introduction to the forthcoming book, pointed out that the Kremlin was almost forced to counter such a publishing coup in the West with some kind of denial. "They could not do anything else," said Crankshaw. "What could you expect in the circumstances?"

Something Savage. As Crankshaw points out in his foreword, Khrushchev's remembrances constitute "an extraordinary, a unique historical document" that "takes us straight into what has been hitherto a forbidden land of the mind." In Khrushchev's words "I tell these stories because, unpleasant as they may be, they contribute to the self-purification of our party. I address myself to the generations of the future in hope that they will avoid the mistakes of the past."

The reminiscences cover a period of more than 30 years, concluding a few months before Khrushchev's ouster. The first segment recounts Khrushchev's career under the man who ruled over the Soviet Union for most of that time: Joseph Stalin. Khrushchev's overall judgment, he was a man of "outstanding skill and intelligence. In everything about Stalin's personality there was something admirable and correct as well as something savage." Nevertheless, "there was unquestionably something sick about Stalin." Absolute dictators like Stalin, says Khrushchev, "consider it indispensable that their authority be held on high not only to make the people obedient, but to make the people afraid of them as well."

Khrushchev first met Stalin in 1925 when the younger man was elected a delegate from the Yuzovka party organization in the southern Ukraine to the 14th Party Congress in Moscow. By then Khrushchev had discarded his mother's intensely religious training, fathered two children, lost his first wife during the famine of 1921 and married his second, Nina. Khrushchev recalls how, the first morning after reaching Moscow, he tried to take a streetcar to the Kremlin, but didn't know which number to take and ended up getting lost. He took to skipping breakfast so that he could get a front seat near Stalin at the meetings.

Everyone Trembled. In 1930, while he was studying metallurgy at Moscow's Industrial Academy and rising swiftly in party ranks, Khrushchev was sent to deliver funds to a newly collectivized farm in the Samara region. He and his companion were appalled at conditions there, he recalls. "The farmers were starving to death. When we told them that the money was allocated for farm

equipment, they told us they weren't interested in equipment—what they wanted was bread."

Khrushchev soon began hearing other reports about the disastrous effects of collectivization. But it was not until many years later that he realized the scale of the "starvation and repression which accompanied collectivization as it was carried out under Stalin." Long afterward, for example, he heard of a train that had pulled into Kiev filled with the bodies of Ukrainians who had starved to death. Some officials wanted to sound an alarm at the time, but none had the courage to confront Stalin. "We had already moved into the period when one man had the collective [leadership] under his thumb and everyone else trembled before him."

Lucky Ticket. Yet Khrushchev's own career skyrocketed, and by 1934 he was party leader of Moscow. One reason, Stalin's second wife, Nadezhda Sergeyevna Alliluyeva, who had been a fellow student at the Industrial Academy, was impressed by Khrushchev and told her husband about him. "Nadya," mother of Svetlana Alliluyeva, committed suicide in 1932. But her judgment of Khrushchev endured in Stalin's mind, a stroke of luck that the old Soviet leader readily acknowledges. In the years that followed, he says, "I stayed alive while most of my contemporaries, my classmates at the academy, lost their heads as enemies of the people. I've often asked myself, 'How was I spared?' I think part of the answer is that Nadya's reports helped determine Stalin's attitude toward me. I call it my lottery ticket. I drew a lucky lottery ticket. Right up until the last day of his life he liked me. It would be stupid to talk about this man loving anyone, but he held me in great respect."

Others did not fare so well. Stalin had little respect for Nadezhda Konstantinovna Krupskaya and Maria Ilyichna Ulyanova, Lenin's widow and sister, recalls Khrushchev. He used to say that he did not think either of these women was making a positive contribution to the party's struggle. "After Stalin's death we found an envelope in a secret compartment, and inside the envelope was a note written in Lenin's hand. Lenin accused Stalin of having insulted Nadezhda Konstantinovna. Vladimir Ilyich [Lenin] demanded that Stalin apologize, otherwise Lenin would no longer consider Stalin his comrade."

Few things escaped the dictator's attention. Khrushchev recounts that he was once told to telephone Stalin at home. "Comrade Khrushchev," Stalin said, "rumors have reached me that you've let a very unfavorable situation develop in Moscow as regards public toilets. Apparently people can't find anywhere to relieve themselves. This won't



STALIN IN THE 1930s

Something admirable, something savage.

mitted to a Moscow hospital, reportedly suffering from his second heart attack this year.

The first installment of the recollections appears this week in *LIFE* and 19 foreign publications, and will be published in fuller form in December by Little, Brown under the title *Khrushchev Remembers*. Several days in advance Tass carried Khrushchev's name on its wires for the first time in six years, in issuing a statement from him denying that he had "passed on"

do," Khrushchev relates that he and Niko-
lai Bulganin, then head of the Mos-
cow Soviet and later to become Pre-
mier, "worked feverishly" on the
problem.

Khrushchev recalls another telephone
call, informing him of the 1934 mur-
der of Leningrad Party Chief Sergei
Kirov by a Trotskyite dissident. It
was that event that set the stage for
one of the most terrifying eras of mod-
ern history, the Great Purges of the
1930s, or, as Khrushchev calls them,
"the meat mincer." The NKVD, Stalin's
secret police and precursor of today's
KGB, suddenly became all-powerful
and thousands of party officials and
army officers began to vanish. Khrush-
chev survived the grim era in will-
ing ignorance. "I don't know where
these people were sent," he says. "I
never asked. If you weren't told some-
thing, that meant it didn't concern
you." The usual estimate of party mem-
bers imprisoned or murdered is nearly
1,000,000, in addition to millions of non-
party members and as much as half
the officer corps. "The flower of our
party was stamped out in the savage vi-
olence," says Khrushchev. He recom-
mends that all who perished "be
presented to the people as martyrs of
the terror waged by Stalin."

It was during World War II, says
Khrushchev, "that Stalin started to be
not quite right in the head." Khrushchev,
then party boss of the Ukraine, faced
an appalling food shortage caused by
war damage and a severe drought. Thou-
sands died of starvation, and Khrushchev
even began hearing of cannibalism, in-
cluding one report that a human head
and a pair of feet—apparently all
that remained after a corpse had been
eaten—had been found under a bridge.
Yet Stalin refused to provide food-rat-
ioning cards or reduce quotas on
farm produce that was shipped out of
the Ukraine. "He would say: 'You're
being soft-hearted! They're deceiving
you. They're counting on being able
to appeal to your sentimentality.'"

Cowboy Movies. "Those last years
with Stalin were hard times," says Khrush-
chev. "The government virtually
ceased to function. Stalin selected a
small group which he kept close to
him at all times." Another group was
purposely—and ominously—uninvited.
Says Khrushchev, "Any one of us could
find himself in one group one day and
the other group the next."

"We would meet either in his study
at the Kremlin or, more often, in the
Kremlin movie theater. Stalin used to se-
lect the movies himself. He liked cow-
boy movies especially. He used to curse
them and give them the proper ideol-
ogical evaluation, but then immediately
order new ones."

"When a movie ended, Stalin would
suggest, 'Well, let's go get something to
eat, why don't we?' By now it was usu-
ally one or two o'clock in the morning.
It was time to go to bed, and the next
day we had to go to work. But ev-

eryone would say, yes, he was hungry
too. Our caravan [to Stalin's dacha]
used to make detours into side streets.
Apparently Stalin had a street plan of
Moscow and worked out a different
route every time. He didn't even tell
his bodyguard in advance." Stalin re-
fused to eat anything until someone
else first tried it. He would say, "Look,
here are the gbleis, Nikita. Have you
tried them yet?" Khrushchev, knowing
that his host wanted some for himself
but was afraid to be first, would reply,
"Oh, I forgot." The only member of
his circle exempt from this tasting rit-
ual was NKVD Chief Lavrenty Beria,
who ate only food transported from his
own dacha.

No One to Trust. To prepare for
these dinners, Khrushchev made it a
point to take a nap during the day; any
one who grew drowsy at Stalin's
table was not likely to remain in the dic-
tator's favor for long. Khrushchev ex-
plains. Moreover, Stalin's soirées in-
cluded a good deal of heavy drinking.
Khrushchev recalls that Beria, Georgi
Malenkov and Anastas Mikoyan once
had to arrange to be served colored
water rather than wine because they
could not match Stalin's capacity. Sta-
lin, says Khrushchev, "found the hu-
miliation of others very amusing. Once
Stalin made me dance the *gopak* [a
Ukrainian folk dance] before some
top party officials. I had to squat
down on my haunches and kick out
my heels which frankly wasn't very
easy for me. But as I later told Mi-
koyan, 'When Stalin says dance, a
wise man dances.'"

Each year, says Khrushchev, it be-
came more evident that Stalin was a fail-
ing man. Once, while vacationing in
Afion on the Black Sea, the dictator
strolled past Khrushchev and Mikoyan,
muttering, "I'm finished. I trust no
one, not even myself." On another oc-
casion, he forgot Bulganin's name. At
his last New Year's celebration, a drunk-
en Stalin ordered his daughter Svetlana
to dance in front of the guests. "Sta-
lin grabbed her by the forelock with
his fist and pulled. I could see her
face turning red and tears welling up
in her eyes. He pulled harder and
dragged her back onto the dance
floor."

"Bulganin once described very well
the experience we all had to live with
in those days," says Khrushchev. "We
were leaving Stalin's after dinner one
night, and he said, 'You come to Sta-
lin's table as a friend, but you never
know if you'll get home by yourself or
if you'll be given a ride—to prison.'"

Despite his respect for Stalin's
achievements, Khrushchev says that if
he were alive today, "I would vote that
he should be brought to trial and pun-
ished for his crimes." Noting that some
steps have been taken to rehabilitate Sta-
lin's reputation as a war hero, Khrush-
chev declares angrily, "And now
they're starting to cover up [again] for
the man guilty of all those murders."



EUROPE

A Step Toward Conciliation

The war aim does not consist in attaining particular goals but in the physical annihilation of the enemy. My order is to send every man, woman and child of Polish origin and language to their deaths mercilessly and without pity.

—Adolf Hitler, 1939

To a sickening degree, Nazi Germany obeyed the Führer's genocidal injunction. By the end of World War II, one out of every five Poles—6,000,000 in all—had perished at German hands. After the war, the Poles were unbendingly hostile toward the West Germans in par-

sons and West Germans pledged to respect present frontiers in Europe. The treaty, however, has not yet been ratified. Since the Czechoslovaks, Hungarians and Bulgarians are soon expected to start talks with West Germany, East German Communist Leader Walter Ulbricht feels increasingly isolated. Last week he agreed to reopen the dialogue with Bonn, which was broken off last May after the fruitless second summit meeting. In the Treaty of Warsaw, Bonn renounces its claim to the 40,000 sq. mi. of former German territory east of the Oder and Neisse rivers that was ceded to Poland after World War II as compensation for 71,000 sq. mi. of Polish territory that had been an-



WEST GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER SCHEEL VISITING AUSCHWITZ DEATH CAMP IN POLAND
Behind lay 1,000 years of mutual hatred.

ticular, regarding them as the moral heirs of Hitler's Third Reich.

Last week in Warsaw, in a dramatic step toward conciliation, Polish Foreign Minister Stefan Jędrzejowski and his West German counterpart, Walter Scheel, initiated a treaty designed to restore normal relations between the two countries and capped it with a champagne toast. The treaty, said Chancellor Willy Brandt in Bonn, would be "a liberating step toward a better Europe—a Europe in which borders no longer divide. That is what the youth of our countries expect and we no longer want to burden them with the past. Instead, we want to give them a new beginning."

Emotional Barrier. Behind the pact lay 1,000 years of deep mutual hatred between Germans and Poles. With the Treaty of Warsaw, Brandt thus cleared the greatest emotional barrier in the East bloc to his *Ospolulik*, whose aim is to create a more relaxed atmosphere between West Germany and its Communist neighbors.

He has already put his signature to the Treaty of Moscow, in which the Rus-

sians and West Germans pledged to respect present frontiers in Europe. The treaty, however, has not yet been ratified. Since the Czechoslovaks, Hungarians and Bulgarians are soon expected to start talks with West Germany, East German Communist Leader Walter Ulbricht feels increasingly isolated.

Outdated Villain. Though other Western European countries recognized the Oder-Neisse Line as Poland's western border, West Germany remained a holdout. After Brandt took office 13 months ago, both Bonn and Warsaw agreed that the time had come to settle the border issue. Says the Chancellor, who has been invited to Warsaw for next month's official signing of the treaty, "We are not giving away anything that was not gambled away a long time ago."

In return, West Germany got, among other things, the first favorable press coverage from the Poles since World War II and official praise for Brandt's policies. The new mood may well cause a major revision in the exploits of Poland's most popular television spy Poles have long thrilled to the heroics of Captain Kłos, Warsaw's answer to James Bond, who consistently traps West German agents. Now Kłos will probably have to search for different villains.

Top Dogs and Underdogs

Over lunch in a Washington restaurant, a senior Soviet diplomat turned to a U.S. acquaintance "You Americans are top dogs who are going down fast," he said. "We are underdogs coming up fast. We have Pompidou and Brandt going to Moscow. Heath is coming to get his astrakhan hat, and he might even get a keg of vodka too. They are turning our way. They are trying to strike bargains because they know we are moving up and you are moving down."

In European capitals as well, Soviet diplomats are seeking out their Western counterparts for private chats to deliver a similar assessment. The Nixon Administration has made some sensible and overdue adjustments of U.S. foreign commitments. But in Moscow's view, the scale-down in South Viet Nam, the troop withdrawals from South Korea, the return of Okinawa to Japan are all indications of growing American isolationism and decline. Accordingly, the Russians are making every effort to convince Western Europeans that Washington is no longer a reliable ally.

Prelude to Retreat. The Nixon Administration last week made several moves designed to counter the impression that the current American retrenchment is a prelude to a full-scale U.S. retreat from its obligations abroad.

► After a 24-hour meeting of the National Security Council, President Nixon rejected Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's proposal for a 10% reduction in the 300,000-man U.S. force in Europe. The President's reasoning, the drawdown would unbind Western European confidence in the U.S., debilitate NATO and undercut West Germany's attempts to normalize relations with the East bloc by rendering Western Europe too weak militarily to strike equitable bargains with the Communists.

► Despite some West German pressure for a quick agreement on West Berlin, the U.S. stuck to its position of securing, at the very least, binding Big Four guarantees of the city's economic viability.

► At the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks in Helsinki, which last week marked their first anniversary, the U.S. is resisting a Soviet demand that NATO's fighter-bombers be included in a general limitation of nuclear weapons.

► In Congress, the Administration underlined its continuing commitment to foreign obligations by a \$1 billion request for emergency economic and military aid, including \$500 million for Israel, \$255 million for Cambodia, \$150 million for South Korea and \$65 million for South Viet Nam.

The Western Europeans will be pleased with the U.S. decision to retain its troop strength on the Continent—at least for the present—since East bloc forces already enjoy a 2-to-1 advantage in men, tanks and planes in Europe. As NATO Secretary-General Manlio Brosio warned: "The Soviet Union has

What to look for before you buy new snow tires

And how the Super Shell Snowshoe® measures up on all scores.

People who drive in snow with ordinary tires are begging for trouble. Buying good quality snow tires is not a luxury—it's a necessity.

Since snow tires have to perform on dry roads as well as snowy ones, they should have two different kinds of tread construction, as the Super Shell Snowshoe does.

Rigid tread sections at the center of the tire for roadability and steering ease.

Flexible sections on the outside edges, to grip snow for sure starts and stops. These treads have a second advantage: they're self-cleaning. By flexing they discourage buildup of snow within the tread.

Note the stud holes on the Super Shell Snowshoe. Studs give you extra protection on icy or wet roads. Ask your Shell dealer about your state's regulations concerning when and where steel tire studs may be used (a few states prohibit them).

Good snow tires have wide treads to give you greater protection, greater stability. The overall tread width of the Super Shell Snowshoe here (size G 70 x 15) is 7" wide.

Strong snow tires should have deep treads for better traction, better pulling power. Have your Shell dealer measure the tread depth of a new Super Shell Snowshoe tire for you. You'll see: it's over a half-inch deep.

The materials that make up a snow tire should have proven track records. They must stand up to ice and snow—and plenty of hard driving on dry roads. The Super Shell Snowshoe is made of a four-ply nylon cord construction. We know it stands up.

Before the weather turns snowy, drive to your nearest Shell dealer. Check out the price for the tire size you need for your car—you'll be pleasantly surprised. Learn more about the advantages of driving on Super Shell Snowshoes. Once you buy them you'll be glad you did—mile after mile and winter after winter.



Another good idea: this year-round, combination antifreeze and engine coolant.

Shellzone helps protect your engine 12 months a year. In cold weather, it lowers the freezing point of the water in your radiator. In hot weather—especially in cars with air conditioning, it helps prevent boil-overs. And it helps prevent rust formation, too. Ask about Shellzone.



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"My perfect martini?
Anchovy stuffed olive.
And the perfect martini gin,
Seagram's Extra Dry."



Seagram Distributors Company, New York City 90 Proof Distilled Dry Gin, Distilled from American Grain

set itself two aims and two programs: a minimum program, which is the ratification of the status quo in Europe; a maximum program, which would be the establishment of a pan-European security system that would exclude North American countries from Europe."

Infernal Triangle. Most Western Europeans, of course, are far too sophisticated to accept Soviet prophecies of impending American doom. Nonetheless, they are disturbed by the U.S. preoccupation with domestic problems, and American protectionist tendencies, as evidenced by the House passage of the trade-restriction bill. Many Europeans are convinced that within another three years or so, only a symbolic U.S. military presence will remain in Europe.

One factor that restrains the Soviets from pushing the U.S. even more forcefully is the fear that Washington might move closer to Communist China. Just as the Chinese have a pathological fear of U.S.-Soviet collusion, Moscow harbors a suspicion that Peking and Washington might make common cause.

The mutual fears of the two Communist giants may be one reason both seemed to be seeking last week to improve their strained relations. In Peking, Premier Chou En-lai made a point of personally receiving the new Soviet ambassador. Then the Chinese formally announced that they are filling their ambassadorial post in Moscow, which has been vacant since the first Sino-Soviet border shootouts in early 1968.

Unfortunate Timing. At the U.N. the Soviets significantly broke one year of icy silence on the subject of Peking's admission. Soviet Ambassador Yakov Malik publicly endorsed the Albanian proposal for seating Communist China and expelling the Chinese Nationalist government on Taiwan. In the subsequent vote, for the first time in 20 successive annual tests, a majority of U.N. members cast their ballots in favor of Peking's admission and the ejection of the Nationalist regime. The count—51 to 49, with 25 abstentions. Since the seating issue is considered an "important question" requiring a two-thirds majority for passage, however, Peking remains outside the U.N. But many of Peking's supporters predict that by 1972 at the latest, mainland China will be admitted.

After the balloting, the State Department, which until recently has zealously opposed Chinese admission, issued a statement acknowledging that a "new situation" exists in the U.N. The Department added that it would "examine all implications" of the vote with Washington's friends and allies. Since many of them favor Peking's admission, the statement was in effect a public affirmation of what has been the case for some time—that the U.S. will no longer oppose Peking's being seated, but will seek to prevent the ouster of Taiwan. The shift was long overdue. Coming this late, however, the U.S. move looks more like a retreat than a sensible readjustment of an archaic position.

MIDDLE EAST

Moshe the Mild

Only three months ago, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan seemed the hardest of Israel's hard-liners. Angered by Egypt's movement of missiles along the Suez Canal after the Middle East cease-fire began, Dayan adopted a rocklike stance. He would resign, he said, if Israeli United Nations Ambassador Josef Tekoah were allowed to continue peace discussions with U.N. Mediator Gunnar V. Jarring while the missiles were still in the canal zone.

By last week, however, the consummate hawk was acting like a careful dove. In his speeches, Dayan was saying openly what other Israeli officials would only whisper privately: that Is-

raeli air force and providing Mrs. Meir with additional economic aid. This provides an atmosphere in which Israel can return to the Jarring talks before the second 90-day cease-fire expires.

Waves Abroad. Dayan's change of heart on the talks has several explanations. Israel's security is his main concern, and when anything threatens it—such as Egypt's missile installations—he stiffens. But essentially he has been flexible on peace propositions. It was Dayan, for instance, who pressed after the 1967 war for the "open bridges" policy under which Arabs on the occupied West Bank were able to continue visiting and doing business with Jordanians.

To some extent, Dayan is also acting out of political necessity. Next month Israel's ruling Labor Party will hold party



MEIR DINING WITH DAYAN AT ARMY BASE IN SINAI (1969)
Not everyone enjoys a striptease

rael should return to the Jarring talks in spite of the missiles. Dayan even suggested an Israeli pullback at Suez so that the canal could be opened again as a guarantee of peace.

Friendly Persuasion. The metamorphosis of Moshe Dayan was causing repercussions in Israel. Three months ago Premier Golda Meir flatly stated that unless the original position is restored, Israel will not be able to participate in the Jarring talks. Last week in her Knesset speech, Mrs. Meir indicated that Israel is pondering participation. "I was never prepared," the Premier explained, "to undertake that our struggle would lead to the fulfillment of our just demand in its entirety."

The shift in government policy appears to have been caused by friendly persuasion. The U.S. has decided that "rectification" of the Egyptian missile violations is hopeless. As an antidote to missiles, Washington is beefing up the Is-

elections and pick delegates to a convention that must be held before Israel has another national election. Since control of this machinery is essential to any prospective successor to Mrs. Meir, both Dayan and Deputy Premier Yigal Allon are working to secure it. So far, Allon appears to have the party establishment behind him. Dayan therefore is appealing to the party moderates whose strength, he feels, is gradually increasing.

However Dayan's strategy works at home, it is already making waves abroad. From Washington, Foreign Minister Abba Eban complained in a cable that the Defense Minister ought to end his "striptease"—by which he apparently meant Dayan's exposure of too many of Israel's peace options. The Foreign Minister said that he had been questioned by U.S. officials who asked why, when Dayan is so eager to return to the Jarring talks without condition, Golda Meir cannot be as cooperative.

Political Housekeeping

On all sides in the Middle East, the 90-day cease-fire that ended earlier this month became a time of military reinforcement. Now, with a second 90-day truce under way and their armories in order, the Middle East governments seem to be turning inward, taking advantage of the respite to settle long-moldering political problems. Last week, from Syria to Egypt, a frenzy of internal housekeeping was in progress.

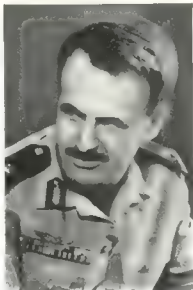
► In Syria, Lieut. General Hafez Assad completed his swift takeover of the government Damascus' 21st coup in 21 years. Assad selected a little-known schoolteacher, Ahmed Khatib, 40, to succeed Nureddine Atassi as President. Khatib's principal qualification appears to be that he is, as tradition requires, a member of the Sunni, the largest Moslem sect. Assad, who appointed himself secretary-general of the ruling Baath (Renaissance) Party, demonstrated that he was really running Syria by ordering the previous secretary general and his rival for power, Major General Salah Jadid, into exile in Egypt.

Assad is an anti-Israel and as critical of the U.S. as his predecessors. Nonetheless, Washington warily welcomed his accession, convinced that he is likely to be less radical than Syria's previous rulers, whom President Nixon once described as "the crazies," and that he may be more ready to consider some overall peace settlement.

► In Egypt, Premier Mahmoud Fawzi gave an interview to the daily *Al-Ahram*, stressing the needs of the "ordinary man" in Egypt and concluding, "We must exert a tremendous effort on the domestic side before things start looking up for us abroad."

► In Jordan, King Hussein is using the cease-fire to repair his battered nation in the wake of September's civil war, and to keep pressure on the Palestinian guerrillas. Talking with TIME Correspondent Dan Coggins last week at his Al-Hummar palace outside Amman, the King said, "What the people of Jordan need most is a feeling that the country is moving ahead again under a strong, just and progressive government. If there had been a firm hand before September to deal with all the little mistakes as they built up into a crisis, the eruption probably could have been avoided." Added Hussein: "I hope all sides can avoid past mistakes and make it a turning point."

That seemed to be a fragile hope. Skirmishes between Hussein's cocky army and the fedayeen last week left 14 people dead and 69 injured. The guerrillas, meanwhile, were also mending their political fences. In September, there were eleven commando groups in the Palestine Liberation Organization under Yasser Arafat. As of last week, six had been absorbed by stronger groups. A new unified command, to be called the Palestine Liberation Front, is evolving under Arafat's direction.



SYRIAN STRONGMAN ASSAD
Better than "the crazies."

SOUTH VIET NAM The Tube Takes Hold

In 1965, even as he was intensifying the bombing of North Viet Nam and the fighting in the South, Lyndon Johnson ordered a far-reaching escalation in the psy-war in Viet Nam. At the urging of CBS President Dr. Frank Stanton, just back from a visit to Saigon, Johnson decreed that there be television in South Viet Nam, not only to advance the struggle against the Communists, but also to contribute to the all-important task of "nation building." A few months later, two electronics-crammed Super Constellations beamed the first broadcast while circling over Saigon. Said one of the new network's Vietnamese bosses, "This is a better weapon than the M-16."

There is no mistaking the distinctive soft blue glow all over South Viet Nam these days. Puzzled Vietnamese peasants saw their first broadcasts on 2,500 sets donated by the U.S. and set up outdoors on stilts in hamlets and towns in and around Saigon. Now there are upwards of 350,000 sets, or one for every 50 Vietnamese THVN—for Truven Hinh (Transmission of Pictures) Viet Nam—has five stations. Broadcasting about six hours a day, mostly in the evening, they can reach 80% of South Viet Nam's 17 million people.

Hard-Sell. In the Delta, proud papasans festoon their hootches with TV antennas—the latest status symbol—even if they cannot get up the \$175 price of the sets that go with them. In the power-short cities the tube is almost too successful. In Saigon last month, THVN had to switch its madly popular Friday evening show, *Cai Luong*, a modern-dress Chinese opera, to a Sunday slot. With all of Saigon's factories and all of its TV sets going at the same hour

on Friday, power sources were being dangerously overtaxed. "You could smell the electrical relays burning," says a power company official.

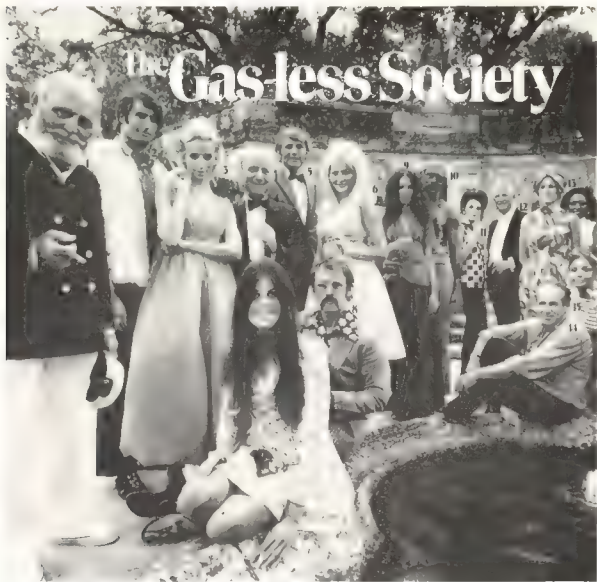
THVN is never less than 150% pro-government. Lieut. Colonel Le Van Duyen, the man in charge of the network and its modest, \$175,000-a-year budget, is also Saigon's director of propaganda. He is convinced that "the best propaganda is TV." The network's U.S. advisers, an eleven-man group on loan from NBC International, are due to be phased out next spring under a sort of video Vietnamization program.

The hitch is that the South Vietnamese still have a lot to learn about using TV to turn on the people. News shows, put together by an overworked, underpaid (\$17 a month) staff of six, are reasonably open for a country at war. Though no Vietnamese Fulbrights are ever seen on *What the People Want to Know*, Saigon's version of *Meet the Press*, the My Lai incident, to cite one example, was amply reported. Still, most of the fare is heavy and hard-sell. THVN does not run commercials, but slogans such as COMMUNISTS ARE BLOODTHIRSTY PEOPLE or TO ACCEPT PEACE IS CONDITIONALLY SUICIDE, flash on during station breaks. Government ministries sponsor hortatory weekly series with resolvable titles like *The Voice of Mobilization*. Vietnamese TV has yet to produce any stars. Even a Cronkite would have a tough time coming across on THVN newscasts, which are unaccountably awed with tunes like *Mrs. Robinson* and *Love Is Blue* as background music. Actors, too, find scant opportunity to shine in THVN's ersatz soap operas and sitcoms, which are long on doctrine and all too short on drama. Typical plot: North Vietnamese saboteur infiltrates the South, discovers that life under the Saigon government is not as bad as Hanoi has made it out to be, defects.

Silly Football. With no Nguyen Nielsens around to survey such things, no one knows precisely how THVN is faring in a ratings war with AFVN, the U.S. Armed Forces TV network. But it seems to be far behind. *Mission Impossible* is the U.S. show most popular with the Vietnamese; until AFVN discontinued it, *Batman* also was near the top. Wrestling and boxing matches are popular, too, but not pro football, which the Vietnamese regard as silly.

THVN's audience troubles were documented not long ago when President Nguyen Van Thieu made a major televised address before the National Assembly. A South Vietnamese reporter conducted an informal poll and discovered that close to 90% of Saigon's viewers switched to one of the AFVN channels the minute Thieu came on.

If Thieu feels neglected, however, he is not alone. Mme. Nguyen Can Ky, the fetching wife of Thieu's Vice President, has been heard to complain with some heat: "I am mad at my husband. In the day he's busy with official business; at night he's busy with *Gumoke*."



Different people like Lark for different reasons.

For instance, the Captain (1), Nina (3) and Tony (8) like Lark because they know that most of cigarette smoke is gas. That certain of these gases are harsh tasting. And that Lark's GasTrap filter does a better job of reducing these gases than any Other Popular Brand on the scene.

On the other hand, Kay (15), and Bob (14), like us because, to clean smoke, our GasTrap filter is made from the same kind of charcoal that space capsules use to clean air.

Barbara's reason is that she thinks our filter looks cute (6).

The Gas-less Society: All in all, they have only one thing in common—an uncommon cigarette.

If you like the taste of gas you'll hate the taste of Lark.



Reasons 1, 3, 8, 11, 14, and 15 are
a smoking habit change. There's no one
- gas - and means this, use the Lark - gas.

FRANCE

Tempting the Devil

Just after 6 one morning last week, Marseille police burst into the homes of three men, roused them from their beds and hustled them off to jail. Thus ended one of the most picaresque exploits in the long history of Marseille gangsterism. The three prisoners were members of a ten-man gang that had managed to rob 27 banks in less than a year. Said Robert Mattei, the top-ranking police commissioner in the region: "They hold the undisputed record as the gang that pulled off the greatest number of holdups. We've never seen anything like it."

Despite their success, however, the holdup men were essentially amateurs. In all their jobs, they managed to steal a total of only \$275,000. And when the three men were caught last week, they were so eager to boast about their exploits that they implicated the other seven gang members, four of whom had already bungled their way into jail on other charges.

Gollic Courtesy. The spree began in December 1969, when the working-class young men, all between the ages of 19 and 27, gathered in a local bar to drink and grumble about their poor-paying jobs. "What'll we do tonight?" one of them asked. "Let's rob a bank," an other answered.

With a curious combination of Gallic courtesies, reckless abandon and careful planning, the impromptu bandits—generally operating in two-man teams—thereupon hit seven Marseille banks in 57 days. They never wore masks or gloves. They never fired a gun or struck anyone. When an elderly lady fainted during a holdup, one gang member, Antoine Nitti, gave her a glass of water and embraced her before fleeing.

The operation branched out to other towns on or near the Riviera. They knocked over two Grenoble banks in ten minutes, three Dijon banks in less than two hours. Their amateurism seemed to baffle the police. In making their getaways, the boys shunned fast cars. They would check railroad timetables, buy tickets in advance, drive a stolen car to the station, and board a train. Meanwhile, the police were usually checking automobile traffic on the roads out of town. The trains were not always safe, however, as one of the bandits learned after robbing a bank at Brives. When gendarmes began searching the Paris-bound train, Antoine Diez, carrying a satchel containing \$14,000, hid outside one of the cars by holding on to two hand rails. Nearly 300 miles later, just outside Paris, the exhausted Diez threw the satchel into a field, jumped off the train, and walked into the city. When he returned for the money the next day, he could not find it; he assumed it had been stolen.

Government Bonds. The Marseille mob did not lavish its loot on the usual frills. They invested it 4% to

5½% government bonds, which the police found in last week's raids, prompted by tips from police informers. Said one sympathetic Marseille cab driver, who earned less than \$5 for eleven hours of work the previous day: "When it's so hard to earn a living, you sometimes tempt the devil." For tempting the devil, the Marseille boys face possible prison sentences of 15 to 20 years.

An Eternal Star

With the same memorializing fervor that seized the U.S. after John Kennedy's death, the French are busy inscribing the late Charles de Gaulle's name on squares and avenues in hundreds of towns throughout the country. One rechristening has created a national furor: the Paris municipal council's unanimous but hasty decision last week to change the Place de l'Etoile to Place Charles de Gaulle. Judging from newspaper editorials and talk in the bistros, vast numbers of Frenchmen seemed to feel that the famous site of the Arc de Triomphe and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier is too sacrosanct to be renamed for any individual, however great.

Even Gaullists attacked the Paris council's measure. Said former Agriculture Minister Paul Antier, who has formed a Committee for the Defense of the Etoile: "When Winston Churchill died, there was no great rush to rename Trafalgar Square. Napoleon wasn't exactly a nobody either, and he only has a small Rue Bonaparte in the Seventh Arrondissement." There were many who doubted that De Gaulle would have wanted anything of the sort. Said *Le Monde*: "Nothing would be more contrary to his last wishes than depluzzifying the most famous square in Paris, if not in Europe and the world, to give it his name."

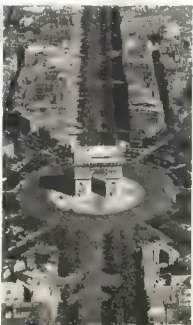
General de Gaulle staged the climax of his triumphant re-entry into Paris in 1944 at the Etoile because the site has

been a traditional center for national celebrations since the end of the 18th century. In fact, its historical significance dates from Roman times. In 56 B.C., Caesar's lieutenant Labienus defeated Camulogène, king of Lutèce (ancient Paris), in a battle on that spot. By 1730 it was already called the Etoile (star) because it was a junction of roads on a hilltop. Some regarded it as no more than a "field of mud or dust, rough enough to break the strongest coach," but its fine view of the city inspired innumerable ideas for monuments there.

In 1758, the architect Ribart de Chamoussot proposed the construction of a colossal, 300-ft-high elephant whose trunk would send forth an immense jet of water to irrigate surrounding gardens. The elephant would contain a restaurant and ballroom and be surrounded by a gigantic statue of King Louis XV. The proposal was rejected, as were others to construct a white marble obelisk or an enormous sundial there. It was Napoleon who conceived the massive Arc de Triomphe in 1806 as a monument to the heroes of the French victory at Marengo. The arch was completed 30 years later during the reign of Louis Philippe, and the place was laid out by Haussmann in 1858.

Today the Etoile is the scene of monstrous traffic jams, as an estimated 200,000 cars are funneled every day into the grand circle from twelve avenues. Still, the place maintains its grandeur. All Paris seems to begin there, radiating majestically outward from the arch. The eternal flame flickers over the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Against that setting, countless Frenchmen, who only a week before had solemnly laid a great floral Cross of Lorraine there to honor Charles de Gaulle, nodded approval of the demonstrators who marched down the Champs-Élysées toward the great landmark proclaiming "Leave us our Etoile."

PLACE DE L'ETOILE



TRIBART DE CHAMOUST'S ELEPHANT





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PEOPLE

Martha Mitchell's View From The Top

IN Pine Bluff, Ark., she was an average Middle American high school girl. In wartime Washington, or post-war Forest Hills, or more recently in establishmentarian, suburban Rye, N.Y., she was little more than part of the background—not spectacular, not social, not smart—and only dimly remembered by her neighbors. Then, about a year ago, as the wife of the U.S. Attorney General, she told a TV reporter that the November peace demonstration in Washington reminded her husband of a Russian revolution. That indiscretion made her a nine-day wonder. Instead of fading, however, the wonder has grown. This month the Gallup poll announced that fully 76% of the American population realizes who Martha Mitchell is, establishing her as a personality who is already better known than many politicians or entertainers—and is fast ap-

proaching the celebrity of Jacqueline Onassis (97%), who has been at it considerably longer and with some notable advantages.

Martha's trademark is her mouth, literally and metaphorically. Agape with laughter and framed in dimples, it dominates the Washington social scene—cocktail parties, state dinners, White House functions, ladies'

luncheons—and shoots off for appreciative newsmen, telling it as Martha thinks it is. Her telephonic voice has become equally familiar to editors. She calls them in the small hours of the morning with pungent advice, such as her 2 a.m. blast to the *Arkansas Gazette*, "I want you to crucify Fulbright—and that's that." She has been known to use the blue wall phone in the privacy of the bathroom "so that John won't know," enabling detractors to insinuate that she sometimes takes a drink or two too many Martha's friends, however, insist that her mid-night telephonitis is nothing but her lifetime habit of speaking her mind on the instant.

Martha-isms such as "Anytime you get somebody marching in the streets it's catering to revolution," and "Adults like to be led. They would rather respond to a form of discipline" have

made her a pillar of rectitude and moral resurgence to much of conservative America, a figure of ridicule to liberals and a public embarrassment to many a traditionalist Republican. But the Attorney General, who might be the most embarrassed of all, merely smiles a wan little smile and refers fondly to her as his "unguided missile." She also has an admirer in President Nixon, who has referred to her as "spunky" and told her to "give 'em hell."

What happened to splash this sudden dazzle of national limelight over the nonentity from Pine Bluff? A personality change? A weekend encounter group? An inspired public re-

lations man? What happened was Nixonian Washington, which with its button-down, square-cut, early-to-bed monochrome, tends to make any spot of color look bigger and brighter. But then too, Washington under any Administration has always had a special electricity for women—a current of excitement that brings out previously unrecognized or suppressed qualities.

Tough talking, cigar chomping General Curtis LeMay used to snarl at Washington. "I hate it. It's a woman's town." At its heart, of course, no city could be more male. It is the epicenter where, in the world's most powerful nation, men take part in the supreme rituals of power. The millions of lives and billions of dollars manipulated each day in the White House and the Capitol and the Pentagon are counters in the most stimulating game there is.

The men who seek out this kind of stimulation make Washington an adversary city where sides are always being chosen, points scored, issues joined. It is its own small state within a state with its high priests and ceremonies, its secret societies and passwords.

Yet none of this could take place without the women of Washington. For it is the city's social life that assembles and disperses the players of the power game, enables them to communicate, and assess each other's characters and spark ideas. The harried men hurrying into black tie as night falls, dressing in their private of-fice bathrooms because there isn't enough time to go home (one presi-

dential aide regularly changes in the car while his wife drives), are likely to be yearning for surcease from the evening's pleasures, the social swirl that is really an extension of the day's business. But not a chance when beside him in limousine or taxi sits his wife—freshly coiffed at Jean-Paul's, swathed in a high style that she never wore in Pascataola, and dropping names that sound like newspaper headlines. She knows the importance of what lies ahead. She knows precisely what Curtis LeMay was grouching about.

General LeMay's woman's town includes some potent and highly motivated females. Elegant Widow Katharine Graham, 63, presides with courtiered cool and a few well-chosen four-letter words over a communications realm that in-

cludes the *Washington Post*, *Newsweek* and three TV stations. An invitation to dinner at her handsome Georgetown house is a prize second only to dinner at the White House, and her guest list is guaranteed to be more stimulating. At a party she threw to celebrate Columnist Joseph Alsop's 60th birthday, 140 guests sat down to dine under a tent two stories high. At her first party last month for Lady Hari-

well (whose husband runs London's *Daily Telegraph*), Kay Graham threw Social Lion Henry Kissinger into a den of Democrats, including Robert McNamara, Clark Clifford, Averell Harriman and Jack Valenti. At a second Hari well party, the guests included Chief Justice Warren Burger, Secretary of State William Rogers, HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson and other prominent Administration figures. Among Mrs. Graham's English antiques and modern paintings the talk tends to be cosmopolitan, concerned and usually un-Republican.

Amid the lavish Orientalia of Anna Chennault's penthouse at Watergate, the talk is hearty, hawkish and very Republican indeed. Mrs. Chennault, the petite Chinese-born widow of General Claire Chennault of the World War II Flying Tigers, was a major money raiser for Nixon's 1968 campaign, and the hard core of her guest list includes some of the top members of the Administration. Her parties are also frequently attended by visitors from Asia, where her connections are said to be



excellent—particularly in Saigon. Just before Nixon's election, in fact, she was accused of trying to sabotage the Paris peace negotiations by advising the Thieu-Ky regime to hold off in hopes of a better deal with Nixon. These dark rumors, which she denies, threatened her status as a hostess for a time, but today "the Dragon Lady of Watergate East" is very much *en rapport* with such men of power as Attorney General Mitchell, Secretary of Defense Laird and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover.

The only Republican thing about Barbara Howar is her famed friendship with Henry Kissinger. Washington's most sought-after bachelor. A stunning blonde zinger from North Carolina, Mrs. Howar, 36, got her social start as a Johnson campaign volunteer in 1964 and as the wife of a rich Washington builder, from whom she was divorced three years ago. Since then, she has lived largely by her wits (which are considerable), doing TV interviewing and being an exciting presence at parties along the Potomac—many of the best of which she herself gives in her small house in Georgetown for an eclectic, politically liberal guest list.

An invitation to Ethel Kennedy's Hickory Hill is still almost as coveted as it used to be. Perle Mesta, eightyish, the hostess who is a household word, is back on Washington's social barricades again after an eclipse during the Kennedy years brought on by her support of Nixon in 1960. Aho back is Mrs. Mesta's onetime social rival, Gwen Caltrix. Atop the whole pecking order, as she has been for so many decades, is Alice Roosevelt Longworth—daughter of President Teddy, widow of a noted Speaker of the House.* She rules the roost with her crisp wit, her well-nurtured tolerances and her long memory.

Southern Accent

That Martha Elizabeth Beall Jennings Mitchell should find herself, at the age of 52, one of the most noticed women in such puissant company has been a surprise to herself and just about everyone who knew her—certainly in Pine Bluff, Ark.

Pine Bluff (pop. 57,000) is Mid-America right out of Central Casting. There is a Main Street, an Elm Street, a kindly doctor and a lot of gossip. Things haven't changed very much since Sept. 2, 1918, when Arrie Beall (pronounced Bell) and her cotton-broker second husband George had their only child, Martha. She went to private schools for six years, then to public schools when the Depression hit. She excelled at nothing except perhaps having a good time. "I liked boys at an awful early age," she says, and in one of her high school annuals, where senior personalities were characterized by book titles, Martha's sobriquet was *Arnie and the Man*. "We certainly never would have predicted she'd

ever have an opinion on a national issue worth listening to," says one of her teachers. "Martha had a good mind when she used it," says another. "But she never used it. She was a pretty, happy, empty-headed little girl."

She went to Stephens College in Missouri ("I wanted to go into dramatics and become an actress, but my mother wouldn't let me"). Then she tried the University of Arkansas ("I decided to study pre-med, but with my Southern accent I decided I couldn't master foreign languages"). Finally, she graduated from Florida's University of Miami,



HUMPHREY & CAROL CHANNING
Democrats have more fun.

where the water-skiing was great and the social life superb. After teaching seventh grade for a while in Mobile, Ala., and hating it, Martha came home and went to work at the Pine Bluff Arsenal as receptionist to the commanding general, who took her along with him to Washington when he was transferred in 1945. Martha says she knew then that the move would change her life.

It did—to the extent of an Army captain named Clyde W. Jennings of Lynchburg, Va., a handbag salesman in civilian life. Arrie Beall gave them a big bang-up wedding in Pine Bluff, and they settled down in New York City's Forest Hills known before Martha as the site of the national tennis championship matches. But Clyde was on the road a good deal, the marriage failed, and they were divorced after eleven years. Their one child, Jay, is now a 23-year-old second lieutenant in the Tank Corps.

Martha met John Mitchell in New York through mutual friends. He was a successful lawyer specializing in municipal bonds who was divorced from his first wife. John and Martha were married 15 years ago. They settled in Rye, a super-affluent suburb, and on the grounds of the Apawamis Club—very In and venerably old as country clubs go. But Martha did not play golf, rarely turned up at the Apawamis clubhouse. Says one prominent neighbor and friend of John Mitchell, "I never heard of anyone there who really knew her. Of course, now that she's a celebrity, everyone stands around the Apa-



MARTHA'S LUNCHEON FOR



KAY GRAHAM & TRUMAN CAPOTE
Presiding with courtiered cool

wamis bar spinning great yarns about how they knew the gal. But I really don't think anyone realized she was there."

The Mitchells sold the house when John Mitchell joined the Nixon Cabinet, and they moved with Daughter Marty, now nine, to Washington, where Martha, whose mother would not let her study dramatics, found herself front and center on the biggest stage in the world. "I have so many roles to play," she

* Nicholas Longworth, who served from 1925 until his death in 1957.



PAT NIXON & CABINET WIVES



CELEBRITIES AT FORD'S THEATER
The stimulus of new people.



HOSTESS GWENDOLYN CAFRITZ
Highly motivated females.



DAVID BRINKLEY & ETHEL KENNEDY
Staying up later.



SENATOR JAVITS & BARBARA HOWAR
A form of Potomac Fever.

cent morning's sampling of letters in-
cluded encomiums from a woman in
New Jersey ("I think you are abso-
lutely great 'You call a spade a spade'")
and a Tennessee man who asked for a
picture of her so that "when things go
wrong. I will look at it and it will
cheer me up." A man in Ohio urged
her to start a national women's orga-
nization "for the American cause. She
is flattered by invitations to speak. "Af-
ter I blasted the universities," I got a lit-
tle hesitant to open my mail from uni-
versities. Then one day comes a let-
terhead from Yale Law School, and
then Harvard Law School both for
speaking engagements. But I can't do
any of it. If I start to make speeches,
how much home life would I have?"

But how much does she have now?
One typical day last fortnight, Martha
gave a coffee party for a friend in the

Said Martha to an interviewer last Septem-
ber "The academic society is responsible for
all troubles in this country. They don't know
what's going on. They don't have a right to talk.
It makes me sick at my stomach. They're a
bunch of sidewalk diplomats that don't know
the score."

morning, went to a reception for Mame
Eisenhower in the afternoon, and dined
at the Uruguayan embassy, where she
and John were guests of honor. "It's al-
most required of you to attend those for-
eigners' functions," she complains. "If
you miss one, they get upset—even if
there are five cocktail parties in one
night. I love a small dinner party, and I
love to dance. If they really wanted to
improve Washington social life, they
should include more dancing."

Security is strict, and FBI agents are
constantly in attendance, though their
duties frequently extend beyond what
J. Edgar Hoover presumably has in
mind. Recently, on a maid's day off,
Agent Frank Illig helped out by serving
Marty her breakfast in bed, and in a
picture spread in LIFE this fall, an-
other FBI agent was seen ironing one
of Martha's evening dresses and pa-
tiently hooking her up in back.

Martha tries to keep track of which
dresses she has been most photographed
in and which she has worn to the White
House, so that she can replenish her sup-
ply after too much exposure. Her more
distinctive fashion note is her fondness
for unfashionable spike-heeled, sling-
back shoes, now so out of date that they
have to be made up specially for her at
Saks Fifth Avenue. She gets requests for
these anachronisms from fans who want
them as souvenirs ("If I get any more,
I'm going to take a picture of my foot in
my shoe and autograph it").

Programmed Projects

Scatterbrained, overstimulated, and
insecure in her role as a newsmaker,
Martha likes to tell herself and others
about her "projects" and "accomplish-
ments." "I've done a great deal for the
Salvation Army. I attend a lot of fun-
making functions. Last Thursday I spent
two hours doing publicity pictures for
the Salvation Army. And recently I did
publicity pictures for the pollution bit. I
drove way out into Virginia to an ador-
able little stream that was so polluted and
foamy it looked like somebody had
poured in a whole bottle of Tide." One
of her latest projects is an assault on
smut, prompted by a spate of pornog-
raphy mailed to Daughter Marty. "I sent it
to the Post Office Department and the
Justice Department and quite a few peo-
ple have been indicted."

She complains about the "artificiality"
of Washington social life. "How can you
say somebody has a social life when
they're programmed?" she asks. "To me,
social life is playing bridge, getting to see
people I like when I want to." Yet Mar-
tha is constantly programming new pro-
jects involving Cabinet wives. Last week
she gave a Cabinet-wife luncheon for
Mrs. Nixon at Blair House, but Mrs. Nixon's
staff director, Connie Stuart (whom
Martha once threatened to call at 5 a.m.
because her messages did not seem to be
getting through to the First Lady), told
newshews merely that Mrs. Nixon was at-
tending a luncheon at Blair House, with-
out any mention of Hostess Mitchell. In

Other well known Watergate residents
Transportation Secretary John Volpe, Com-
merce Secretary Maurice Stans and Protocol
Chief Emil Mosbacher Jr.

flaming fury, Martha telephoned a Washington *Star* reporter charged that Connie is trying to get rid of me, and warled "How can anybody take over my party? It's just unbelievable. I cried my eyes out today. Somebody should get down and bleed for me. I try so hard."

She does. And the incident illustrates Martha Mitchell's virulent case of Potomac Fever, a malady to which few top and middle-echelon Washington wives are immune—whether they be Watergate *nouveaux*, Georgetown chic, or Cleveland Park intellectual elbow patch.

Potomac Fever is compounded of the sense of excitement, importance, freedom and expanded possibilities that grows gradually upon newcomers to Washington. It increases both their pleasure in being there and their chagrin and insecurity that it all may so soon be taken away. For some men of power and politics, the city tends to be like a chessboard, for some a football field, for others a blood-drenched battleground. For their wives it is often like a cruise ship: the rules of behavior seem frightfully strange at first, as do one's fellow passengers, and one feels a yearning for the familiar comforts of home. But after a while the routine becomes second nature and certain attractions begin to reveal themselves. The *esprit de corps* of participating in a common adventure, a feeling of liberation from home-town pressures and personalities, the stimulus of new people with disparate backgrounds and ideas.

Senate Confirmation

"I thoroughly enjoy being here," says peppy Anne Richardson, wife of Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Elliot Richardson. Things seem to her to have changed a lot since the last Republican Administration (Richardson was an Assistant Secretary of HEW under Eisenhower). "The town seems a lot more open," she says. "You see a broader mix of people at parties—people from different economic and social groups—and a greater tendency to mix Government and media people with the diplomatic corps. The town is more free-flowing."

Helping it flow even more freely is Mrs. Eric Ward, wife of the President's deputy science adviser. She is establishing her mark as one of the Administration's liveliest hostesses by trying to make her parties more like those of the Democrats, who are generally conceded to have more fun. "I read about those Democratic voices in the papers," says Ann Ward. "Like that one Liz Carpenter gave the other day for Carol Channing and Pearl Bailey—and I think 'How different. They really are different!'"

The wife of one ambassador knows they are different. She recently gave a dinner for 20 well-known Republicans, ten of whom turned out to be non-

drinking Mormons. Valiantly the hostess tried to disguise the situation by serving the teetotalers Vichy water instead of the first wine. Evian water instead of the second and ginger ale instead of champagne. But it was wasted effort. "A drag," reported one of the drinkers afterward.

Mrs. Arthur Burns, wife of the chairman of the Federal Reserve, is currently exhibiting an advanced case of Potomac Fever. When she last lived in Washington, under the socially dull Eisenhower Administration, her husband was an economic adviser. "This time we're meeting heads of state, we're talking to people who make history," she wonderingly exclaims. "Each time I go to the White House it's a special thrill."



MARTHA & JOHN BEFORE DINNER
His unguided missile.

—and we go there often now. You make that turn into the grounds, you sweep up to the portico, and I think, 'It's mine! It's ours!' Washington is so exciting. It's almost too much of a good thing."

Two Washington wives who take it all in stride are Adele Rogers and Barbara Laird, long comfortably ensconced in their smoothly functioning, swimming-pooled Bethesda homes. Both have been the capital route before—Defense Secretary Laird was a Congressman and Secretary of State Rogers was Eisenhower's Attorney General. "The wife of the Secretary of State has more fun than the wife of the Attorney General," says Mrs. Rogers. That may give Martha Mitchell ideas of making her presence felt in the soft-voiced world of high-level diplomacy.

Short of the White House itself, the most prestigious Republican entertaining

is to be found in the Georgetown garden or leaf-printed dining room of Senator and Mrs. John Sherman Cooper. In her Paris wardrobe and splendid emeralds, Heiress Lorraine Cooper displays an intuitive flair for the metapolitics of power—as practiced in the Senate chamber, or around the dinner table.

Republican entertaining, however, is not always polished to a high gloss of sophistication. For example, Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel and his Alaska-born wife Ermalee gave a dinner for some of the stars who performed last week in the invitation-only gala at Ford's Theater. The *pièce de résistance* was a rack of lamb, cooked by Wally Hickel himself on his indoor gas grill. When the grill developed a small but intractable fire, a discreet call was made to the fire department, asking for the help of just one fireman, who was to be smuggled quietly into the kitchen. Instead, seven fire engines roared up and fire fighters pounded into the house from all directions, routing the astonished guests. "I've been to some wild parties," observed Actor Jimmy Stewart, "but Wally, you've topped them all."

Sexual Quotient

Informal parties are also the rule at the Cleveland Park home of Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire, where Ellen, his bright, vibrant wife, cooks and serves sit-down dinners for as many as 14. While her husband is campaigning or lecturing on weekends, Ellen plays tennis, oversees her own small business (Wonderful Weddings, a wedding planning service) and has written a book (*One Foot in Washington*).

The sphere of Washington wives with secure social standing is very different from that of the young single girls around the capital. Inevitably, though, the two worlds sometimes touch. Among young single professionals, the male-to-female ratio is favorable, and a bright, attractive girl finds the cityscape stippled with graduate students, military officers, fledgling diplomats, congressional assistants, Foreign Service officers and acres of young lawyers. Among these groups, Washington's divorce rate is high—but not among the officeholders, who regard Splitville as a state that can hinder their careers.

The irregular hours that are the city's normal working conditions provide built-in alibis for determined politicians. Some congressional wives elect to stay home rather than live in Washington at all—giving the capital a contingent of permanent "summer bachelors." But the motivated men of Government cannot afford to take three-hour lunches, and the traditional *cinq-a-sept* is out of the question for a 12- to 15-hour-day man. By all accounts, the sexual quotient of Republican Washington is low. The Democrats of the Kennedy and Johnson years—relaxed, open, pleased with

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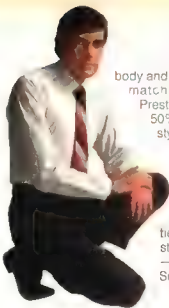
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In the Fall of 1966 torrential rains began falling on the hills and mountains of Italy. Within hours a wall of water was rushing down on the ancient city of Florence. And when the waters had subsided, the world had suffered an incalculable loss. Many great works of art were ruined. Who was to blame if anyone?

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The ancient Romans began the wholesale stripping of the forests that once covered the uplands. Today the hills and mountains are virtually denuded. There's no canopy of leaves to break the fall of the raindrops. No new growth to slow the rush

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ST REGIS



themselves—were more insouciant about sex, as about everything else. They drank more and stayed up later and talked more about sex, and very likely did more about it than the Nixonians do. But compared with other capitals of the world, official Washington—Democrat or Republican—is outstandingly unswinging.

One reason is its high degree of specialization. Traditional capitals—London, Paris, Rome, Vienna—are centers of culture and commerce as well as government—filled with sensuous temptations and enticements to dalliance. The Washington ambience, by contrast, is a political pressure cooker—almost devoid of the soft lights and shadowed corners where small intimacies can flower into intimacy. It is slightly nerve-racking to be close to a man whose electronic “beeper” may go off any second to warn him that he is wanted at the White House; and those black overstuffed sofas in the offices on the Hill are not the most comfortable howers of Venus.

Simple fatigue is another factor in the capital's sexual mores. Society Columnist Ynelda Dixon thinks that the men of power are simply pooped. “With the hours they put in, with the stresses they face, they're probably impotent from sheer exhaustion.” Knowledgeable Swinger Barbara Howar agrees, and points out that another reason for the situation is that power is a sex substitute. One highly sexed and beautiful lady, who has much solid experience in both bedroom and board room, admits that a full day of power wielding leaves her so depleted that she wants nothing so much as to crawl between the sheets—alone.

Ruthless City

For wives—or mistresses—Washington has never been a romantic place even in the Camelot days, and it is palpably less so today. In Martha Mitchell's view from the top, the city is certainly exciting, and some day it may be a matter of record. “Just as soon as we leave Washington,” she says, she will start writing a book about it. “I am a sponge,” she once said. “I have been soaking up material, and it's fabulous.”

Fabulous it may be, but it is tough, too—transient and lonely. Martha Mitchell, whose husband often works 15 hours a day, knows the loneliness well, and sometimes the ruthless power city overwhelms the happy kid from Pine Bluff. “A lot of this takes a great deal out of me,” she said recently, and these lonely low points are likely to generate some late-hour phone calls to friends, which the public never hears about.

But the next day, Martha is ready to face them all down again with her big laugh and pretty dimples and her yellow hair piled high—“little ol' Martha,” as she likes to call herself, undaunted, silly, reveling in attention, and making the staid, Republican capital a livelier place.

Indulge



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EDUCATION

New Campus Mood: From Rage to Reform

As a frequent observer of troubled campuses across the U.S., TIME's national education correspondent Gregory H. Wierswinski has lately noted some dramatic changes for the better. Just back from a nationwide tour of universities, ranging from Harvard to Wisconsin and Santa Barbara, he sent this report

WE are in a new era," says U.C.L.A. Chancellor Charles Young. "We are not going back to the apathy of the '50s, but the intensity of the last few years is no longer with us." Most of Young's colleagues nod only cautious assent. Student distrust of the Nixon-Agnew Administration remains high. The youth counterculture flourishes. Another Cambodian invasion or a heating

popularity of Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* (TIME, Nov. 2), which envisions a peaceful takeover by the hippie ethic, a kind of revolution by spiritual osmosis. Says Frank Rich, 21, chairman of the Harvard *Crimson*: "Students are still concerned about the war, racism and poverty; some are very active with ecology groups. But most are just waiting, with their pot and their Dylan records, for the grass to grow through the concrete. Last year they would have laughed Reich right off the campus."

Behind the trend are various factors. Among them

TIRED. The era of massive student dissent is now in its sixth year. Few movements can long sustain such an emo-

ers. They have beefed up their security forces and equipped them with sophisticated electronic equipment to frustrate intruders and identify the hitherto anonymous rock thrower in the crowd. While such measures have engendered a great deal of student resentment, they have helped to keep the peace.

WARNING ISSUES. There are fewer and fewer national issues for students to grab hold of. Until last week's bombing, the Viet Nam War seemed to be winding down; the draft law has been reformed, and General Hershey sacked. Only ecology attracts serious involvement. Meantime, most of the great campus issues have been blunted by widespread reforms affecting grades, curricula and how universities are governed. No university administrator would make a major decision nowadays without considering student sentiment.

THE ECONOMY. The recession has undoubtedly left its mark on the students, particularly at big state universities. A fa-



NEW HAVEN COURTHOUSE SITE OF SEALE TRIAL



YALE'S CHAPLAIN COFFIN AT STUDENT SEMINAR

A sense of detachment, an end to activism.

up of the war in Viet Nam could touch off large-scale turmoil. Yet even the casual visitor finds a new climate on U.S. campuses this fall—a new mood of detachment that may well signal the end of large-scale student activism.

Classes are well attended; library lights burn into the night, almost all extremists of the white Weatherman variety have dropped out of school. In New Haven last spring, Yale students held a pretrial sympathy strike for Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby G. Seale, who is charged with murder. Last week only 60 people showed up for the trial. Some former protest targets now draw cheers instead of boos. When Harvard University President Nathan Pusey addressed Harvard freshmen in September, for example, he got a standing ovation.

Remaining activism generally takes the form of community work or attempts to build various kinds of communes. The change is illustrated by the

tional pitch and tension. This fall, students are tired or frustrated or both; they are aware that some problems cannot be solved overnight.

CAMBODIA/KENT STATE The protests last May unified moderate students, who until then had been a kind of silent majority. This had the effect of isolating the radicals, who, in the absence of a restraining force, had previously operated as the vanguard of the student movement. Cambodia-Kent State also opened new lines of communication within universities. For the first time in years, students, faculty and administrators agreed on a major issue. Formalized by new devices like campus ombudsmen and rumor-control centers, the new intimacy strengthened many an institution.

LAW-AND-ORDER The bombers and arsonists have sown genuine fear among students, who generally despise violence as much as anyone else. At the same time, most campuses have promulgated tough rules against unpeaceful dissent-

ther or brother out of work is something a student cannot ignore. The effect is even more pronounced on the faculty. In a buyers' market, fewer are willing to jeopardize a job or promotion in defense of principle. As a result, faculties are less willing to make waves.

HIGH SCHOOL RADICALISM It has hastened the extinction of activism at the universities because the new freshman now knows far more about the disadvantages of violent dissent. There is also evidence that the hard-core radical tends not to go to college. Many universities report that this year's freshman class is the most apolitical in five years.

FACULTY RESPONSIBILITY Professors now realize that unless they govern themselves properly, the public is going to step in. This would effectively put an end to the university's cherished autonomy. Says Herbert York, acting chancellor of the University of California at San Diego: "Because our excesses have caused the public to dis-



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believe us, we cannot be as permissive in the future. We must have stern self-governance. We cannot let other people do it for us."

If activism is on the wane, what is its legacy? The turmoil has brought some great universities, notably Wisconsin, to the verge of collapse. It has taken a frightful toll of good men, particularly among presidents; it has led to wild excesses in dress, manners, teaching and personal relations. But a true balance sheet of activism is far from lopsidedly negative. By quickening the pace of political activity on campus, it has brought new vibrancy to university life.

The public may be so disillusioned that higher education will lose financial support. Still, that support had become so lavish that perhaps it was bound to dwindle. Meantime, activism can claim credit for getting the educational system to tighten its belt and re-examine its practices and purposes, something the public might applaud.

The impetus came largely from student demands for "relevance," especially for the overdue admission of more minority-group students. Activism has also done much to curb the old absurdities of trivial research and needless Ph.D.s. Sweeping changes are now under way in every major discipline. Rigid curriculums are being loosened. The emphasis is on seminars, independent projects and words like interdisciplinary. Though research continues to be important, the pendulum is swinging toward real innovations in teaching. The day may soon come when U.S. campuses stop using teaching methods that were popular at the University of Bologna during the Renaissance.

Most educators agree that 1970 is a crucial year for American higher education. They need a surcease from public and student pressures to promulgate new reforms, strengthen what has already been done, institutionalize experiments, slough off nonproductive parts. Thus far, all indications are that students will oblige in providing a long period of calm. Whether the public will do the same is another matter.

The activities of bombers and urban guerrillas—who are invariably non-students—have caused in the public mind a certain paranoia that turns every long-hair into a potential Weatherman. The election of liberal Governors in Wisconsin and Ohio, scenes of major disruptions last year, indicates that a majority of people know better. But as the generally favorable reaction to the Kent State indictments suggests, a sizable group of ill-informed hard-liners remains. Education is at a takeoff stage, poised on the verge of major change. There will be a few campus fracas this year, most likely at universities where town v. gown tensions run high. If the hard-liners have their way, they could use such incidents to turn progress into regression.

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Since then, the number of cars has tripled while road and highway mileage has increased only six percent—mostly in urban areas.

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THE LAW

Manson's Shattered Defense

For nearly four months, the prosecution methodically presented evidence in the bizarre Los Angeles murder trial of Charles Manson and his three co-defendants. Last week the defense took over—and began with the stunning announcement that the defense rested.

Long buffeted by internal conflict, the four defense lawyers had finally agreed that the best defense was no defense. They had good reason. The three girls on trial with Manson had insisted that they were going to confess their part in the grisly Sharon Tate murder case. The lawyers wanted to stop them. Amid the confusion of legal argument, Manson himself won Judge Charles Older's permission to take the stand outside the jury's presence. "I've killed no one," he insisted. "I've ordered no one to be killed. These children who come at you with knives, they're your children. I didn't teach them, you did."

Mismatched Lawyers. From the outset, Manson clearly intended to make the trial his own show. He wanted no lawyers at all. When a judge decided that Manson could not properly safeguard his own procedural rights, the defendant considered more than 60 hopeful attorneys and perversely put together a defense team as mismatched as the shards of his own personality.

First, there was Ronald Hughes, 35, who had casually met Manson a year earlier. A onetime conservative turned hippie, Hughes had flunked the bar exam three times before passing, and had never tried a case. Manson took him on



ATTORNEYS FITZGERALD, KANAREK, SHINN & HUGHES

No way to tell their clients what to do.

after he agreed to grow a beard. Now the amiable Hughes talks of quitting law and becoming a character actor. Manson brought in Irving Kanarek, 52, whom he regarded as the most obstructionist and time-consuming lawyer in Los Angeles, in hopes of badgering the judge into allowing him to defend himself. When the judge continued to refuse, Kanarek proceeded to exasperate even Manson with a blizzard of objections. The third member of the courtroom team was Daye Shinn, 53, a former used-car salesman of Korean descent, who specializes in immigration cases for wealthy clients seeking Mexican maids. Manson took him on mainly to handle movie, record and publishing rights.

Arrayed alongside this unusual trio—and occasionally against it—was Paul Fitzgerald, 33, assigned by the public defender's office and one of its best men. Although he was the unofficial leader of the umbrella defense, Fitzgerald was

often undercut by his colleagues as well as the defendants. He usually cross-examined prosecution witnesses first, then had to watch in agony while Hughes and Kanarek clumsily plowed his points under. Kanarek in particular sometimes left a prosecution witness sounding more impressive than when he started. With bitter frustration, Fitzgerald said, "It's like living in a concentration camp."

The toughest part was living with Manson. Enraged when the judge called him "incompetent" to run his defense, and well aware that the climate against him was overwhelming, Manson weeks ago devised a weird ploy that no lawyer even a bad one, could abide. The guru determined that the girls from his "family" should take the stand, sweetly confess all and say that he had nothing to do with it. Then Manson would testify, both to confirm his innocence and tell the world his special truths. Fitzgerald vainly argued the obvious, not only would the girls be convicted, but Manson would damn himself by demonstrating the prosecution's contention that he has mesmerizing power.

Nonetheless, the girls went along with obedient enthusiasm. But then Lawyers Hughes, Kanarek and Shinn surprised perhaps even themselves. They all agreed with Fitzgerald that their duty to their clients lay in keeping them off the stand.

No Questions. Just like everything around Manson, their effort seemed doomed. The judge ruled that the girls had a right to testify. When the lawyers refused to ask questions, the jury was removed so that the girls could tell their stories, after which the inadmissible portions were to be edited out. The girls refused to testify without the jury.

At that point, Manson sprang up, asked to take the stand and delivered 90 minutes of extraordinary sermonizing about himself and society in general (see box). When he finally finished, he whispered to the girls that they now should not confess. Then, apparently satisfied he had reached the audience he cared about, Manson said he would not repeat any of his testimony for the jurors. So they will not hear any defense witnesses after all. The attorneys, if they can find any pieces to gather, will present final arguments next week.

Sermon on Society

SOMETIMES in tears, sometimes in anger, most often with restrained sincerity, Charles Manson told his story to the court. Excerpts from his testimony.

"I have stayed in jail and I have stayed stupid, and I have stayed a child while I have watched your world grow up, and then I look at the things that you do and I don't understand. Most of the people at the ranch that you call the family were just people that you did not want, people that were alongside the road; I took them up on my garbage dump and I told them this that I love there is no wrong.

"I have done my best to get along in your world, and now you want to kill me. I say to myself, 'Ha, I'm already dead, have been all my life.' I may have implied that I may have been

Jesus Christ, but I haven't decided yet what I am or who I am. But what you want is a fiend you want a sadistic fiend because that is what you are. You only reflect on me what you are inside of yourselves, because I don't care anything about any of you. If I could, I would jerk this microphone off and beat your brains out with it, because that is what you deserve. You kill things better than you, and what can I say to you that you don't already know?

"I don't care what you do with me. I have always been in your cell.

"When you were out riding your bicycle, I was sitting in your cell looking out the window and looking at pictures in magazines and wishing I could go to high school and go to the prom. My peace is in the desert or in the jail cell, and had I not seen the sunshine in the desert, I would be satisfied with the jail cell much more over your society."



MANSON

THE PRESS

South of John C. Calhoun

If there were not a William F. Buckley, U.S. editors would have to invent a James Jackson Kilpatrick. The need for a columnist and commentator with a conservative view and a gift for language has never been more apparent than in these Nixon-Agnew days; Kilpatrick fills that need for 170 newspapers via the Washington Star Syndicate and for Washington's WTOP TV.

In the process, he also generates a lot of heat. Says a WTOP ad (helpfully written by J.J.K.): "Some liberals insist he is ten miles to the right of Ivan the Terrible. But to those of us who love him, he's only a little to the south of John C. Calhoun." Outraged readers scrawl obscenities on his columns and mail them back to him, which amuses him; radical students hiss and turn their backs on him at campus lectures, which hurts his feelings. The hurt is salved by his fan mail from the Silent Majority, which is rhapsodic.

I share the Nixon-Agnew philosophy," says Kilpatrick, "but I don't sit on anybody's lap. I've opposed the President on lots of issues." Neither Nixon nor Agnew seems to mind Kilpatrick's opposition: the President has invited him to dinner and Sunday prayers and the Vice President once treated him to a lunch, "where we just yakked. He also made polite noises about my writing."

Harpies and Furies. The writing punches or pets with equal effectiveness. When the House of Representatives voted to approve a women's rights amendment to the Constitution, Kilpatrick screamed: "Gadzooks! Zounds! Horsefeathers! What in the world came over the House? This constitutional time bomb is the contrivance of a gang of professional harpies. The 346 who voted for this resolution, give or take a handful, had but one purpose in mind: to get these furies off their backs."

On the President's use of FBI men on campuses, Kilpatrick declared on television: "I think oppression is needed. The more oppression the better. It is high time we cut down on the bums that are blowing up the campuses, as Mr. Nixon described them." On other issues, his approval is reluctant "We wish Carswell towered, and he doesn't," he sighed "But he is the President's choice, and if I were a Republican on the floor instead of a Whig in the gallery, I would, a little sadly, vote 'Aye.'" Kilpatrick calls himself a Whig instead of a Republican because "no newsman should be identified with a party so I'm a Whig. It provides an escape from embarrassing situations."

Such situations arise from Kilpatrick's childhood. "I was brought up a white boy in Oklahoma City in the 1920s and 1930s. I accepted segregation as a way of life. But I've come a long way. Very few of us, I suspect, would like to have our passions and profundities at age

28 thrust in our faces at 50." After he became editor of the Richmond *News Leader* (he was 30), Kilpatrick became an effective spokesman for Southern conservatism. His editorials were rousing pieces that got him denounced at least once in almost every General Assembly. Says he: "I counted the day lost when nobody denounced me."

Kilpatrick began a thrice-weekly syndicated column for *Newsday* in 1964, moving on to the Washington Star Syndicate a year later, mainly, he says, to get a Washington outlet. Part of his writing is done at his country home 85 miles west of Alexandria, Va. Sitting with acorns pattering down around him, sipping



COLUMNIST KILPATRICK
Orphan Annie is not alone.

sour-mash bourbon, admiring his beans and tomatoes, Kilpatrick seems the image of a Southern gentleman. Over his driveway, though, are two flags: the Stars and Stripes and an old Revolutionary War flag showing a black snake and the words, "Don't tread on me."

Sometimes he bites without being trod upon, especially when annoyed by the Star's rival, the *Washington Post*. "They have the best editorial page in the country, bar none," he admits. "But it isn't balanced. Their only real conservative voice is *Little Orphan Annie*." In his column he raged. "The *Post* is a brilliant paper, as brilliant as Randolph's famous mackerel in the moonlight."

* Noted for his biting sarcasm and his belief in state sovereignty, Virginia Congressman John Randolph (1773-1833) stated his own philosophy "I am an utocrat. I love liberty. I hate equality." Of his contemporary, Jurist Statesman Edward Livingston, he said "He is a man of splendid abilities, but utterly corrupt. He shines and sinks like rotten mackerel by moonlight."

Kilpatrick was included in a group of nine columnists, nearly all conservative, who were called to the White House to hear President Nixon's comments immediately after the recent elections. Afterward he wrote, "These were pecky voters. They walked through the ballots like so many housewives in a market, squeezing every head of lettuce." His conclusion: "If Mr. Nixon is not exactly crying hallelujah, he doesn't have to sing the blues."

An End to Fishing

Earl Caldwell's challenge came at a time when the U.S. press community felt that Government investigators were using subpoenas far too liberally as a means of fishing through reporters' notes on the off chance of finding evidence of crime. Caldwell, a San Francisco-based black reporter for the *New York Times*, had been subpoenaed last Feb. 2 and ordered to appear before a federal grand jury investigating activities of the Black Panthers. He was directed to produce tape recordings and notes taken during Panther interviews. Caldwell not only objected to producing the material, he objected to appearing at all.

Caldwell had become a specialist in news concerning the Black Panther Party. He was received at first with distrust, but his respect for confidences had finally won him the trust of party members. That trust would evaporate if he were to go behind the closed doors of a grand jury, claimed Caldwell. The Government disagreed, asserting that "the Black Panthers depend on the mass media for their constant endeavor to maintain themselves in the public eye and thus gain adherents and continued support."

Last week the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit agreed with Caldwell. Such fishing expeditions for unspecified information, said the decision, would turn a reporter "into an investigative agent of the Government." The decision applied only to Caldwell, in the light of his special relationship to the Panthers and the secrecy of the grand jury proceedings. But the Ninth Circuit Court has at least limited the scope of the Government's investigative power. Not binding on any other circuit court, the decision nevertheless sets a powerful precedent.

As for Earl Caldwell, he could still be subpoenaed if the Government could succeed in proving "compelling need" for his tapes and notes or if they could think of any information Caldwell might have apart from his privileged conversations with the Panthers. At the moment, though, the decision is a triumph for Caldwell, for Constitutional Lawyer Tony Amsterdam, who represented him—and for press freedom. Says Caldwell, "We got 100% of what we asked. I could not have continued as a journalist if I knew I'd have to submit to what the Government has been demanding."

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THE THEATER



RICHARDSON & GIELGUD IN "HOME"
Gazing sightlessly at the ever-dimming light.

Duet of Dynasts

Future generations will undoubtedly look back on the '50s, '60s and emerging '70s as a golden age of British acting. The mature actors—Olivier, Scofield, Gielgud, Richardson and Redgrave—ripened from talent to mastery to greatness. Like dynastic sires they have inspired an exciting group of young successors—Albert Finney, Nicol Williamson, Ian McClellan, Tom Courtenay—actors less attuned to the niceties of craft, but ablaze with Elizabethan intensity. In *Home*, the U.S. debut of an extremely evocative new British playwright, David Storey, there is an opportunity to view a feat of artistry by Richardson and Gielgud that becomes legendary before one's eyes.

The action, and there is virtually none, for this is a Chekhovian mood piece, takes place in a mental home. There are no acute aberrations. The place is no nuttier than the world, or life. Richardson and Gielgud are two men who stand on the crumbling threshold of old age, all passion spent, memories distant but present, vivid yet garbled. For them, every dawn is dusk, and every dusk is darkened with the knowledge of imminent death.

With quiet desperation, they are living out a horror story, the seventh age of man. It is strikingly like the first age. They chat a lot, but it is much like babies' babble, unfinished, noncommunicative. They tire easily and plop down like small children at the first available resting place. Mealtime is the pinnacle of the day. In between, they conduct a kind of innocuous sandbox flirtation, brief as a toddler's attention span, with two women inmates, Dandy Nichols and Mona Washbourne, one of whom has a reputation for wetting herself. At

odd, unprovoked moments, each man cries over his condition and we, in the audience, cry over ours, which is a short definition of tragedy.

The Dandy and the Tradesman, Eliot, autumnal and melancholy though it is, *Home* is shot through with rueful humor. Playwright Storey subtly draws an ironic parallel between the plight of the two men and the fate of England. The word island recurs. England shorn of empire, reduced to her physical boundaries, but with names and deeds of the past intoned like a faint requiem of glory—Newton, and Sir Walter Raleigh and the discovery of penicillin. The sceptered isle has become a gleamless cinder on the tides of history.

The play is laced with laconic, seemingly perfunctory responses such as "Oh, yes," "Ah, well," "Really?" but Director Lindsay Anderson has orchestrated these in a stylized contrapuntal flow that achieves the repetitive impact of similarly sparse dialogue in Pinter and Beckett. Gielgud and Richardson are a beautifully complementary pair, the dandy and the tradesman, Gielgud's elevated clarinet tones v. Richardson's deeper bassoon. When Gielgud narrows his eyes he seems to be glimpsing the Elysian Fields; when Richardson widens his, he seems to be devouring a plate of sausages. Gielgud has a troubled introspective psyche. Richardson tries to rout his spooks with an anecdotal army of distant relatives. In sum, they create something more haunting than their individual parts. Just before *Home's* curtain falls, the two men stand apart to the right and left of the stage. In a vise of silence, they gaze sightlessly out at the ever-dimming light. That moment forms an ineradicably poignant image of man's homeless end.

■ T.E.K.

Hell Without End

Life on earth is every man's hell some of the time. From man to man, the span of suffering and the sense of damnation varies. For some, the searing pain, the numbing descent into nothingness lasts minutes or hours or days, for others, weeks, months and years. It is Samuel Beckett's special vision to see man's entire life as a torment, a flaying of the heart, a hell without end.

His entire work—plays, novels, poems—is a lamentation for the living. It is astonishing, at times, that Beckett can bring himself to write at all. Silence, like the peace of death that he constantly invokes, might seem like surcease from such unremitting sorrow. Perhaps not writing was the circle of earthly hell that he could not bear to enter.

All of this is admirably conveyed by Jack MacGowan in the *Works of Samuel Beckett*. A fellow Irishman, MacGowan can claim a friendship and affinity with Beckett attested to by a BBC play, *Eh, Joe*, specifically written for him by the Nobel-prizewinning playwright. With a seamless unity MacGowan has assembled a one-man reading session, principally from Beckett's novels (*Malone Dies*, *Molloy*, *The Unnameable*) and plays (*Waiting for Godot*, *Krapp's Last Tape*, *Endgame*). Cloaked in a black-spattered coffin of a coat, head and body shaken with keening tremors, and eyes stony with grief, MacGowan is the symbol of a man exiled from his own planet but imprisoned in his being.

"Words have been my only love," says Beckett. This show is abundant proof of that. The word as dance, as flame, as dirge, as echo, as whip, as caress, as cosmic howl—they are all here, and MacGowan catches every cadence perfectly.

■ T.E.K.



MACGOWAN IN "WORKS OF BECKETT"
Descending numbly into nothingness.

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BEHAVIOR

Chimps Instead of Spock

Most Western women would think twice about taking a three-month-old baby into the African bush for an extended stay. But that is precisely what British Zoologist Jane van Lawick-Goodall did in 1967 when she set out on a three-year expedition to Tanzania with her husband and her infant son Hugo (nicknamed "Grub"). Back in London with her family, she reports that she looked to the behavior of chimpanzees for guidance in raising Grub.

Long years of observation in Africa (summarized in her 1967 book *My Friends: The Wild Chimpanzees*) have convinced Zoologist Goodall that the chimps' treatment of their young produces well-balanced adults. In raising infants, for example, chimps practice discipline by distraction, a technique that worked very well with Grub; instead of punishing him when he was troublesome, his mother amused him by giving him her undivided attention. While human beings and hyenas often let their unhappy offspring scream interminably, Jane notes, "chimps keep their babies happy by cuddling them whenever they want it. I preferred the chimp way, so I cuddled Grub lots." In aping the apes, however, she was flexible. Young chimps, when they are naughty, usually get a quick bite on the hand, and then a consoling hug. Jane has never bitten Grub, but she does give him "a reassuring hug after a quick reprimand."

African Nannies. Jane—and Grub—also profited from the chimps' mistakes. "When young chimps don't feel secure, they won't move a step from their mother," Jane says. "There was one chimp who kept walking off and leaving her baby alone. The infant chimp became so insecure that when it was playing with its mother at its side, it would never let go her hand." Thus forewarned, Jane kept Grub with her as much as she could, and when she had to, left him with two loving male African nannies. As a result, she believes, Grub has become an independent child who rarely clings to her.

Compared to British children, Grub,

now three, nonetheless has a few deficiencies. He cannot moo like a cow, for example, or quack like a duck. But he can imitate the soft whooping of the hyena, and when he wants to, he can sound like a lion, a wild dog, a chimp or a jackal.

Grub felt perfectly secure as long as he was living in the jungle, but he wonders if wild beasts may not be lurking in his grandmother's English garden. "Is it safe for me here?" he asks. Prudently, he retrieves his ball from under a shrub only after thumping the bush with a log stick to scare off snakes.

Left for Scavengers. More than anything else, Grub is appalled at civilized burial customs. When he and his three-year-old friend Rebecca found a dead bird, she wanted to bury it. Says Jane, "He was horrified. He thought the idea of hiding something that had been alive under the earth was quite obscene." Grub, a proper jungle child, knew that dead creatures should be left for scavengers.



GRUB AT 5½ MONTHS

AT THREE YEARS

The Stages of Man

It is certain that there was once a man called Freud. He lived in Vienna from 1860 to 1938, and by using a new therapeutic technique called psychoanalysis, he evolved a radical theory of human personality based on the importance of early childhood and its persistence as a state of mind in everyone. But, as Auden has remarked, Freud has been transmogrified into "a whole climate of opinion."

His theories have always been freely—sometimes wildly—adapted in art and literature. But most of Freud's own followers limited his legacy by insisting at least as firmly as he did that only the early years of life are substantially formative. The Freudian disciple who can be credited with broadening the original theory and restoring its vitality is a mild, German-born analyst and teacher named Erik Erikson. His now famous notion that a man's whole lifetime moves through a series of discernible and crucial stages grew largely out of Erikson's own personal development. That development is skillfully and admirably traced in *Erik H. Erikson: The Growth of His Work* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$10), a new biography by Harvard Child Psychiatrist Robert Coles.

Crippling Dread. It was the publication of *Childhood and Society* in 1950, Coles notes, that established Erikson's reputation. In that book, Erikson divided life into eight stages, and discussed the emotional conflict that he feels dominates each major step from infancy ("Basic Trust v. Mistrust") to adolescence ("Identity v. Role Confusion") to adulthood ("Generativity v. Stagnation") to old age ("Ego Integrity v. Despair"). At each stage the crisis must be resolved if the person is to be unharmed by crippling dread or neurosis. At least from adolescence on, the role of society in general, and even the shaping force of contemporary history, becomes crucial to individual fate.

For Freudian thinkers, mostly stranded in the formative childhood stage, Erikson's concept was liberating. With the whole of human life their province, psychoanalysts could look cultural anthropologists or social psychologists in the eye and start sharing observed knowledge. The concept has also convinced a whole younger generation of social activists—including Author Coles—that children more than five years old are not irrevocably molded and that those who are poor in their early years can later make up for their deprived background.

In the popular mind, Erikson is perhaps best known for the catch phrase "identity crisis," used to describe the struggle the individual may face during adolescence. As he observed later, "If ever an identity crisis was central and long-drawn-out in somebody's life, it was so in mine." His Danish par-

Adopt Your

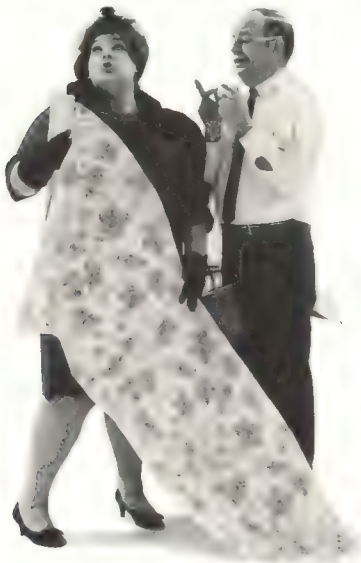


HUGOBIGANT
PERFUMERS SINCE 1714



Psychic Catastrophe. In short Erikson's thinking takes in all of life—its struggles, victories and defeats—and sees it as a gradual unfolding. It is an optimistic philosophy, but he is no Pollyanna. At every turn, he believes, there is as much chance for psychic catastrophe as for emotional growth. "When I talk about hope and basic trust," he says, "I am not referring to good manners or to the niceties of personality, but to the minimum conditions for human survival."

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ENVIRONMENT

Communist Pollution

U.S. industry is often painted as the chief villain by conservationists, but pollution is hardly unique to capitalist nations. It is often worse in Communist countries, where technocrats toil to boost industrial production with little thought to environmental consequences.

In Russia, a huge chemical plant was built right beside a beloved tourist attraction: Yasnaya Polyana, Leo Tolstoy's gracious country estate. Unmonitored fumes are poisoning Tolstoy's forests of oak and pine, and powerless conservationists can only wince. With equal indifference, the Soviet pulp and paper industry has settled on the shores of Lake Baikal. No matter how fully the effluents are treated, they still defile the world's purest waters.

The level of the Caspian Sea has dropped 8½ ft. since 1929, mainly because dams and irrigation projects along the Volga and Ural rivers divert incoming water. As a result, Russia's caviar output has decreased: one-third of the sturgeons' spawning grounds are high and dry. Meanwhile, most municipalities lack adequate sewage treatment plants, carbon monoxide chokes the plateau towns of Armenia, and smog shrouds the metallurgical centers of Magnitogorsk, Alma-Ata and Chelyabinsk.

Capitalist Garbage. Despite all this, Communist countries have a few environmental advantages over Western nations. For one, they give a relatively low priority to consumer goods. The

Russians, for example, have few cars, scarcely any leaded gasoline and nothing like the plethora of disposable diapers, plastic containers and nonreturnable bottles that clog capitalist garbage cans. Paradoxically, Communist regimes also can—at least in theory—cure by fiat the very environmental ills they cause by runaway industrialization.

To sample Communism's environmental efforts, *TIME* Correspondent Burton Pines recently visited Poland's most polluted region. Upper Silesia, a mineral-rich and heavily industrialized area near the Czech border. In 1965 the provincial government decided that unless it strengthened its 15-year old environmental control program, Upper Silesia was headed for ecological ruin. As a result of ensuing reforms, one environmentalist told Pines, "I think we started fighting pollution in time."

At first glance, such optimism seems premature. Upper Silesia is still blighted by strip mines and slag heaps. Its rivers remain gutters carrying the wastes of 4,000 factories. The veil of soot and gases is so thick in some areas that only 60% of normal sunshine ever reaches the ground.

But Pines also saw signs of progress. In Upper Silesia's grimy cities—Katowice, Swietochlowice, Chorzow—bulldozers are pushing slag heaps into craters caused by crumbling mines. Carefully planned parks and green belts are starting to sprout on the reclaimed land. Government officials now demand attention to "the human element" in all

new projects—less noise, better designed apartments, conveniently located cultural facilities. More important, the causes of pollution are slowly being controlled. In the past four years, 14% of the mining and power industries' capital investment went for environmental safeguards. Compulsory filters in factory stacks have cut air pollution by 25%.

Hard Questions. Even so, Upper Silesia's environmentalists find their task difficult. "The managers of industry do not like us," says Professor Tadeusz Zielinski, a planning commissioner who sits on central boards to oversee industrial decisions. "We ask them hard questions. At what cost to society have you fulfilled your goals? How dirty have you made the air and water? How many people have you concentrated together?"

New laws spell out high fines and long jail sentences for plant managers who cause pollution. Results are slow. If all goes according to official plan, by 1985 Upper Silesia may have removed the slag heaps and repurified most of its rivers. But sulphur-dioxide emissions from smokestacks remain an unsolved problem—one that still confronts all industrialized nations.

Industry Talks Back

U.S. industry is apparently fed up with taking the blame in silence for a host of environmental problems. Last week spokesmen for two of the most blamed industries talked back.


► In Washington, Sherman R. Knapp, president of the Atomic Industrial Forum, Inc., denounced "sudden hysteria" over the environmental impact of nuclear power plants. While conceding that the nation's 17 existing "nukes" discharge heat (the said low-level radiation is under control), Knapp declared that "there is not a single case of thermal emission seriously damaging the ecology." He particularly decried conservationists' lawsuits that block the growth of nuclear plants. Those who hinder power generation, Knapp said, only guarantee "ever darkening skies and diminishing amounts of fossil fuel resources—or an even more hazardous environmental threat, insufficient electricity to meet our nation's demand."

► Detroit changed gears, largely in response to the Senate's call for a virtually pollution-free car by 1975. Henry Ford II told an audience in Chicago that politicians and the press have unfairly labeled automakers as "bad guys"—mainly, he charged, to help win votes and gain circulation. In New Orleans, a Chrysler emissions expert, Charles Hein, argued against "over-control" of auto exhausts, and said that Americans have been "needlessly frightened" by reports of car-caused smog. Added General Motors President Edward N. Cole, "National efforts to reduce overall air pollution must involve all major sources of pollution—not only motor vehicles but also industrial and electric generating plants, home and business heating facilities and refuse disposal operations."

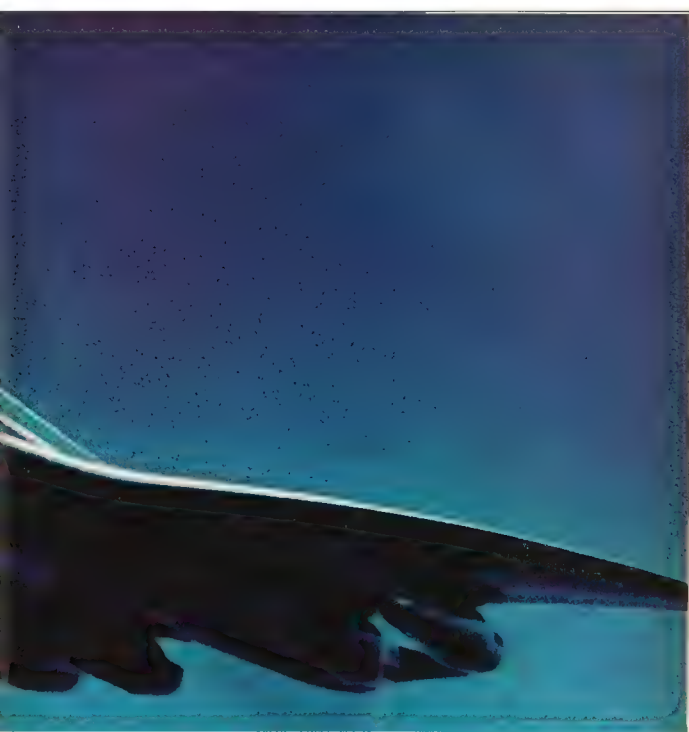


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"THEY ARE AFRAID TO GET DIRTY."

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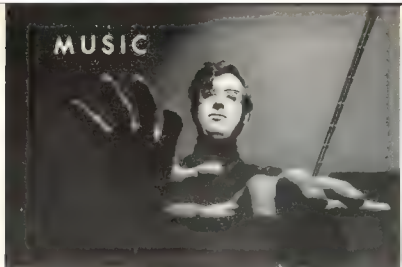
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PIANIST GARRICK OHLSSON
Tearing into roudades, trills and frills

Chopin with Pow

A bespectacled 22-year-old American out of White Plains, N.Y., who greatly resembles a tight end recently became the darling of countless Poles from Cracow to Lodz by doing something very dear to the Polish heart: playing Chopin with great power and feeling. His name is Garrick Ohlsson. At Warsaw during the three-week-long International Chopin Competition, he was awarded first prize over 80 other pianists. He is the first American ever to win the contest and the first young American pianist since Van Cliburn back in 1958 to become an overnight national hero behind the Iron Curtain.

Today international music contests are about as numerous—and as hard to tell apart—as Vivaldi concertos. The Chopin event, though, is exceptional because it is held only once every five years, so competitive standards are kept high. After his victory, Ohlsson embarked on a frantic twelve-day concert series in Poland, followed by a four-concert tour with the Philadelphia Orchestra. What he played of course, was his victory piece: Chopin's *Concerto in E Minor*. At Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall, there were brief bubbles of superfluous agitation. But most of the time Ohlsson played Chopin with unmistakable taste, power and imagination.

No Tea Cookies. Never gazing hammy at the ceiling as so many romantic keyboard idols do, Ohlsson made it clear that he prefers Chopin the dramatist, without entirely sacrificing Chopin the nocturnal perfumer. Rightly so. In the *E Minor Concerto*, Chopin accomplished the considerable feat of turning the roudades, trills and other frills of the 19th century salon style into the stuff of major symphonic theater.

A 6 ft. 4 in., 225 pounder, Ohlsson is fond of pointing out that the small boned Chopin loved nothing better than hearing a stronger pianist tear into his music. "You know," says Ohlsson, "in the U.S. we treat the mazurkas, for example, as inconsequentially as tea cookies. But the Poles don't want that kind of refinement. Mazurkas are folk mu-

sic to them. What they want in them is a nice pow!" Ohlsson has the pow, and starting right now, he also has the how of a new and brightly blooming musical career.

—William Bender

Letting George Do It

As nearly as a Beatle could, George Harrison led the life of an invisible man. Paul McCartney and John Lennon were hailed as genius pop composers, Ringo Starr, the catalyst who served as a human buffer between conflicting egos, was constantly stirring affectionate chuckles. George was the quiet, apparently dependent one.

Such attention as he got came in odd-ball ways. In 1965 he created a vogue for raga-rock, by introducing the sitar in *Norwegian Wood*. It was he who interested the rest of the Beatles in transcendental meditation. For years George lived in a ranch house painted in psychedelic colors. He finally surrendered it, but only for a 30-room Gothic mansion complete with secret doors and sculptured gnomes. No superstar, but no ordinary man either was George Harrison.

Exactly how unordinary is made astonishingly clear by the release this week of George's first solo album, *All Things Must Pass* (Apple). Consisting of 15 Harrison originals, one Bob Dylan original, and one joint effort, *All Things Must Pass* is an expressive, classically executed personal statement that should surprise many, confound a few and please millions. It is not just that George has surpassed all the individual disks issued to date by Paul, John and Ringo. Both musically and philosophically, he has produced one of the outstanding rock albums in years.

By rock's swiftly broadening standards, Harrison's musical spectrum is almost Wagnerian in its width and style. The poetic spectrum of his lyrics—mainly about fear of loneliness or love of God, of his wife, of love itself—is narrow, but still capable of bite.

Perhaps the single most important thing about *All Things Must Pass* is

that Harrison is as deeply into affirmation as the Dylan of old was into protest. Harrison clearly agrees with the old Indian belief that music has the power to change human destiny. In *Art of Dying*, George is talking mainly about Hinduism, yet his lyrics have universal appeal.

There'll come a time when all your
hopes are fading
When things that seemed so very
plain
Become an awful pain
Searching for the truth among the
lying
And answered when you've learned
the Art of Dying
Hear Me Lord, the concluding song.



BEATLE HARRISON & GNOME STATUES
An invisible man no longer

is an old-fashioned religious confession—Harrison belts it out with affirmative rock fervor, and punctuates it with quick but brilliant changes of pace—Harrison's trademark as a composer—which sound like someone briefly opening a door into a gospel shouting session.

Though out on his own, George has some illustrious company. His co-producer is Phil Spector, the Hector Berlioz of rock, with a genius for the complicated aural mix and a weakness for the overblown style—a weakness this time kept under control. Ringo plays on the album, and so do Nashville's Pete Drake and England's Eric Clapton. Identified in the credits as the George O'Hara-Smith Singers is a choir of Beatle-sounding experts. That is Harrison's little joke. All the voices are George's, carefully overdubbed one at a time. Bob Dylan's influence can be felt everywhere. Their joint effort, *I'd Have You Anytime* (music by Harrison, words by Dylan) is as tender a love song as rock has any right to expect.

—W.B.

SHOW BUSINESS

Stage-Struck

Manhattan's off-Broadway theater is a crucible of experimentation and a museum for the classics of the American stage. But off-Broadway is not supported by arts foundations or by individual philanthropists. It is subsidized—inadvertently—by the actors who perform there. The minimum for most of its casts is a pitiable \$75 a week.

For nearly two months, Actors' Equity has been trying to improve that dismal old scale. After negotiations over contract renewal finally broke down briefly last week, the union called a strike that closed down 16 off-Broadway shows.* Among the strikers were Geraldine Page and her husband, Rip Torn, who interrupted previews of a new *Macbeth*. Miss Page walked the picket lines in front of the Circle in the Square theater, where she had put off Broadway on the map 20 years before in Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke*. She noted that even then she was making \$75 a week. Torn observed that for the whole year of 1968 he had earned only \$1,600. Of course he was out of work much of that year, and indeed, only about 25% of Equity members are actually in a play in a typical week.

No industry. Speaking for the struck managements, League of Off-Broadway Theaters and Producers President Paul Libin retorted that "Equity has panicked" and "there are certain economic facts that don't allow us to pay actors a living wage." Though scattered around town in generally tacky buildings, off-Broadway productions have risen in cost to about \$30,000 for a straight play, \$60,000 for a musical (Financing on Broadway runs five to ten times as much.) Seat prices are high, averaging around \$3.95 to \$10, and thus approaching the Broadway range. But even so, seating capacities are so small and costs so inflated that barely 5% of off-Broadway productions show a profit.

Producer Richard Barr, who claims to have run into the red on all but three of the 50 plays he has mounted there, commented that "an actor isn't supposed to live on off-Broadway alone. Off-Broadway is supposed to be used for the development of careers. It was never its intent on to support the industry, and if Equity thinks its behavior is irresponsible." It is true that off-Broadway has served as the training ground for many current stars, including George C. Scott, Jason Robards Jr., James Earl Jones, Colleen Dewhurst and Dustin Hoffman. It also has nurtured writing talents like Edward Albee, who gave Producer Barr two of his off-Broadway hits. Barr's third

was *The Boys in the Band*, which has netted its backers a 1,750% return already. Other notable off-Broadway successes *Hair* (now uptown), *The Fantasticks* and *The Threepenny Opera*.

When negotiations first began, Actors' Equity was asking \$200 a week minimum (rising up to \$290 for a few high grossing hits). That would have been more than the on-Broadway minimum (\$165.45), and the producers' opening offer was a range of \$80 to \$160. By the end of last week, the gap had narrowed somewhat, with the union demanding a \$125 minimum, plus fringe benefits, and management countering with \$90. Declared Libin, theatrically "If Equity holds to its present demands, off-Broadway is finished."



JACK NICHOLSON LISTENING TO ROCK MUSIC
Badly needed 14 years later.

Success Is Habit-Forming

No question, the guy was different. A drawly, vaguely rural voice that started somewhere way back in his throat and almost didn't make it past his lips; a quizzical, unblinking gaze that tended to make other eyes turn away in embarrassment; a perfect, foot-wide smile that flashed on and off like the Ed-dystone light. The casting director asked a few uneasy questions, paused, then blurted "I don't know what we'd ever use you for, but if we need you, we'll need you very badly."

That was Jack Nicholson's first try for an acting job, and it was 14 years before he was needed that badly. Then, as the one articulate, genuinely comic character in *Easy Rider*, Nicholson became a leading participant in the upheaval that has caused Hollywood, for better or for worse, to churn out an endless series of "relevant," youth-oriented

little movies. The role won him the New York Film Critics' Award, an Academy Award nomination and a leading role in Director Mike Nichols' *Carnal Knowledge*. In the meantime he is appearing in *Five Easy Pieces* in a starring role that should win him his second consecutive Oscar nomination.

Sandra After School. How can overnight success take 14 years? Probably because Nicholson, 33, used to be the sort who'd rather let things happen than make them happen. He began acting in high school in Neptune, N.J., but not out of any burning ambition. "I got sort of talked into it by a teacher," he says. "And all the chicks that I liked were doing plays—rehearsals after school with Sandra, that kind of thing."

Having skipped a couple of grades, he decided to kill a year between high school and college, went to live with

his sister in Los Angeles. He worked in a toy store, shot pool, and went to the track. Finally, he took a job as office boy in MGM's cartoon department "so I could watch movie stars." Then he began to study acting at the now defunct, professional Players Ring Theater. From then on, all thoughts of college vanished. He moved on to TV's *Mattinee Theater*, and in 1958 he made his first movie, *Cry Baby Killer*.

That began a string of 18 flicks too terrible to mention. "I either played the clean-cut boy next door," he recalls "or the murderer of a family of at least five." He also wrote a few himself: *The Trip*, starring Peter Fonda, *Head*, with the Monkees, and two westerns, which he also produced, made for \$75,000 apiece. Nicholson personally carried them in hatboxes to European film festivals, where they won some acclaim. Still, they are too arty and paralytic for U.S. audiences; in *The*

* Unfractured were half a dozen other theaters that are off-Broadway geographically (out of midtown) or contractually, because their capacity exceeds 299 or because their owners have special agreements with Equity.



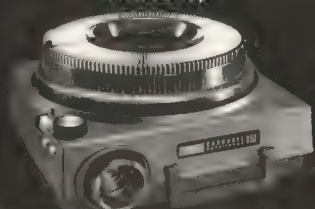
I can't seem to forget you...
I can't seem to forget you...
Your Wind Song stays on my...
Wind Song stays on my mind.



Wind Song Perfume by Prince Matchabelli

Automatic focus.
Automatic showing.
Selective access.
Instant editing.
Remote control.

Spillproof.
Halogen lamp.
500-watt power.
Fast f/2.8 lens.
Easy carrying.
All-metal body.



All this and the new Kodak Carousel tray that holds 140 slides!

Make the most of your color slides with the new Kodak Carousel 850 projector. It's the only Carousel projector that also features a built-in slide tray that holds 140 slides. It's the only projector that has a built-in slide tray that holds 140 slides.

Kodak Carousel 850 projector.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Shooting, for example, the hero ends up shooting another character who seems to be the hero himself.

Until *Easy Rider* Nicholson seemed destined to drift endlessly in and out of second-rate horror, motorcycle and drug movies with his friends Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. *Easy Rider* could have been, of course, just another in the cycle cycle. Fortunately for Nicholson, Rip Torn, originally cast as the Southern lawyer bowed out and Nicholson's friends from *Head*, Producer Bert Schneider and Director Bob Rafelson, suggested Jack for the role. "I went immediately to work on the dialect. Drew a lot on L.B.J." For the campfire scene, his favorite, he says: "I smoked about 155 joints. Keeping it all in mind stoned, and playing the scene straight and then becoming stoned—it was fantastic."

Following *Rider* Nicholson carefully avoided typecasting—so carefully that he played a barely noticeable role as a rich hippie with Barbra Streisand in *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever* a part he took "for the bread." He admits "All I am in the movie is bad." He has since directed his first film *Drive, He Said*. He regained his footing as an actor in *Five Easy Pieces*, in which he played a gifted pianist-turned-supergypsy oil rigger. About his role Nicholson expounds "I have a very strong political propagandist feeling about my work. If you can change the way people feel and think, then you're a long way toward solving their problems. *Pieces* undermines traditional middle-class behavior."

Throwing Steaks. Once (in 1961) he was married, and has a seven-year-old daughter. Now he has a capsule description of his life: "I read, swim, go out, have love affairs." The old Nicholson "used to rant a lot of politics" and had a temper that went off like a Roman candle. A waitress in Hollywood once brought him a well-done steak and proceeded to claim that it was rare. Nicholson protested, spluttered, and then—*plat!*—the steak hit the restaurant ceiling. "I don't throw steaks around the dining room any more," says Nicholson. His outbursts nowadays have a purpose. Recently, while filming in Vancouver, Nicholson was out walking and stopped at a country club for a glass of water. The bartender refused because Nicholson was not a member. "Are you trying to tell me?" Nicholson shouted. "that as a human being you're refusing to give me a glass of water?" Later he said of the tirade: "I did it so that if he ever thinks about it again, he will feel a little pain—maybe it will chance him."

Nicholson's self-indulgences these days are pretty much under control. While on the set in Canada, he says "we all took a row to stay off pot. I'm the only one who's stuck to it. I'd been smoking it every day for 15 years and I'd been wondering if it was habit-forming. Well, it's not." Nowadays, the only habit he has to worry about is success.



There are 23 diamonds in this dinner ring. Each one is a fully cut gem.
Yet the cost is only \$450.

To anyone who has never shopped for diamond jewelry, this price may seem unbelievably low. You may even wonder if the diamonds are real. But they are.

That's the wonderful thing about the small diamonds in jewelry. The magic of a large diamond is duplicated exactly in a beautiful miniature.

Diamonds come in all sizes.
All beautiful.

Today you can find diamond jewelry in a wide range of designs. Many pieces are perfect for afternoon wear or for a less formal evening. And they need not be expensive.

The delicacy of this dinner ring required the use of small diamonds. And smaller gems usually mean a lesser price for you.

The jeweler's measure for the size of a diamond is the carat. Fractions of a carat are expressed in points, with 100 points to a carat.

The gems you see here have been mag-

nified five times to show some of the details of craftsmanship. Actually, each of these diamonds measures about 3 points.

Little windows full of light.

The true beauty of a diamond can never be revealed until it is cut and faceted by an expert. This is why diamond "chips" are almost never found in diamond jewelry.

Facets are the little planes or windows that the cutter places on a diamond. Each facet must be cut at precisely the right angle to bring out the fire and sparkle that nature hid there.

When you realize that each of the small gems in this ring has 58 different facets—which cannot be detected by the naked eye—you begin to understand the precision with which a diamond cutter practices his art.

The hidden color scheme in diamonds.

You may have heard that almost all diamonds have a tinge of color. This color adds warmth to the gem, but in

many cases it is so slight that only an expert can find it there.

Diamonds used in jewelry must be selected for their color and clarity, as well as for size.

You will probably never be aware of the matching of color when you look at this ring.

The total effect of harmony is what you do see and appreciate.

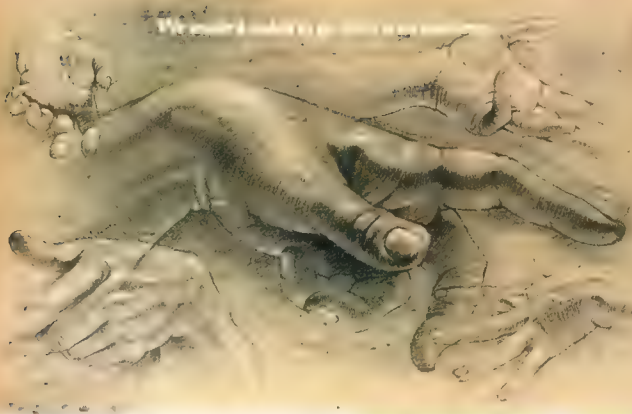
Your own personal rainbow.

All diamonds, whatever their individual characteristics, are precious. The spell they cast is unique.

If you were wearing this ring, you would see that every single gem catches the light. And sends it back to you in a dazzling shower of colors.

Your jeweler will be pleased to show you many beautiful pieces of diamond jewelry at almost any price, beginning around \$200.

Published by De Beers to help you in selecting your diamond jewelry.



Whether you realize it or not, you have a processus styloideus ulnae.

And yours, like everyone else's, usually gets in the way of your watch.

So, after carefully studying hundreds of bumpy wristbones, Omega designers concluded that there was only one acceptable shape for a watch. The ellipse.

From that conclusion came what is probably the first wrist watch designed for where it's going.

It's called The Omega Dynamic.

To illustrate: Your present watch probably straddles your wrist bone. At least a little. Whereas, The Dynamic sits flat and lean against the part of your wrist that immediately precedes the bone.

While that may be the most important thing about The Dynamic, it's not the only thing about it.

To enable your eye to read the time in 1/5th of a second, the designers used a colored dial, divided into "time zones"

Next, so you wouldn't have to move a muscle to wind it, they designed The Dynamic with a self-winding "rotor" movement. (Off your wrist it will draw on reserve energy for 48 hours.)

To make sure you could wear it in the ocean (as well as in the shower), the case was cut from a single block of steel. The movement was inserted from the front. And the crystal was put into place and sealed with a device suggested by submarine designers. (The Dynamic can easily take water pressure to a depth of 100 feet.)

These same brainy designers also sat down and considered the physiology of your skin.

They knew that in hot weather and humidity you perspire. Especially under your watch band. So they developed a band made of a porous fiber, and then air-conditioned it with 30 little holes.

We won't go into the fact that The Dynamic is available in 24 color combinations on the dial. And 12 easily changeable wrist bands to go with what you're wearing.

We think any watch company could have made a watch for that.



The Omega Dynamic.
The wrist watch.

SCIENCE

Giant Step for Lunokhod

The image that flickered onto Moscow TV screens last week showed an awkward, eight-wheeled contraption that looked somewhat like the top half of a huge samovar. But what the outlandish vehicle lacked in styling, it more than made up for in performance. Three hours after reaching the moon aboard the latest unmanned Russian moon probe, Luna 17, Lunokhod I (literally "moonwalker") lumbered down one of two ramps extended by the mother ship and moved forward under the direct control of TV monitors on earth—thus taking the first giant step for robotkind on another celestial body.

The Soviets were understandably exultant. "The flight of Luna 17 signifies the start of a new stage in the study of

the eight spoked wheels independently like a remote-controlled toy car, it is steered by radio signals from earth, where monitors are able to see the terrain in front, behind and to the side of the rover in pictures transmitted from onboard TV cameras. To avert disabling accidents, Lunokhod has a number of safety features. It can, for instance, shut itself off if it begins to list dangerously, or if one of its wheels becomes stuck in a lunar rut. If the wheel cannot be worked free, the ground controllers can fire a small explosive charge, disconnecting it from the drive shaft and allowing it to spin freely. In fact, the vehicle can move either forward or backward with two wheels out of action on each side.

Lunar Mapping. One thing Lunokhod cannot do is come back to earth. Even though it was built of extremely light ma-

terial, its undisclosed weight is apparently too great for the lift-off capability of Luna 17. In that respect, Lunokhod resembles NASA's own lunar rover, which will be carried to the moon by Apollo 15.

By the third day, Lunokhod had moved confidently across at least 600 ft of lunar soil, turned to photograph the mother ship, climbed up an incline and crossed a small crater. The robot also displayed impressive scientific skills. Like Luna 16, it carries a device to gouge out samples of lunar soil. It also has the capacity to analyze samples—with an onboard X-ray spectrometer—and report the findings to earth. In addition, it can detect cosmic rays, stomp on the ground to test its rigidity and—speculates Heinz Kaminski of West Germany's Bochum Observatory, where the radio transmissions from Russian space shots are carefully monitored—take three-dimensional pictures of the lunar surface with its multiple cameras for making maps of the moon.

Distant Landscapes. The Russians also made a bow to international cooperation in space. Lunokhod carried a French-built array of 14 corner-shaped mirrors designed to reflect long-distance laser beams from observatories in southern France and the Crimea. A similar reflector left behind by Apollo 11 on the Sea of Tranquility has already enabled U.S. scientists to measure the distance between earth and moon with an accuracy of less than a foot. Indeed, U.S. observers think that the Soviets might be interested in testing such a device as a means of navigating future moon rovers.

By week's end Lunokhod had clearly lived up to Soviet expectations. To cope with the frigid temperatures of the approaching two-week-long lunar night, the Russians will probably power down



RUSSIAN MOONWALKER ON LUNA 17

Performance from an outsized samovar.



PROTOTYPE OF AMERICAN MOON ROVER FOR APOLLO 15

the moon," said Radio Moscow. U.S. space officials saw no reason to disagree. "Just fantastic," said one NASA scientist. His boss, Acting NASA Chief George Low, noted that the Russians had launched 22 space missions in the past two months alone—earth satellites as well as two moon shots. With the addition of Luna 17 to the list, he said, it is clear that the Soviet Union is "operating with an advanced state of technology and is exploiting it for a broad range of objectives."

Vague Hints. Luna 17 landed on the unexplored Sea of Rains, one of the oldest lunar maria. It lies some 1,400 miles northwest of the Sea of Fertility, where Luna 16 landed two months ago to scoop up 3.5 oz. of moon dust for later study on earth. At first, the Russians gave only the vaguest hints about Luna 17's mission. But once the rover demonstrated its maneuvering ability, they began revealing details of their moon machine.

Lunokhod is powered by solar cells that are apparently charged when it opens its clamlike lid to sunlight. One or more electric motors drive each of

materials, its undisclosed weight is apparently too great for the lift-off capability of Luna 17. In that respect, Lunokhod resembles NASA's own lunar rover, which will be carried to the moon by Apollo 15.

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A model of the U.S. machine arrived in Houston last week for training purposes. The R00-1b, vehicle resembles a terrestrial dome buggy, and is scheduled to carry two Apollo 15 astronauts on a short test spin across the lunar surface next summer.

the vehicle, allowing it to "hibernate" until it can again draw energy from the sun. If it survives the extreme cold (-250°F), Kaminski predicted, it might well resume its explorations, eventually traveling hundreds of miles from the landing site—provided no other calamity befalls it. The Russians themselves were not inclined to make any risky predictions. But they did say that in the future more advanced robots—so-called *planetokhods*—would explore not only the moon but more distant landscapes on Mars, Venus and Mercury.

Magnetic Havoc

At least 171 times in the past 76 million years, the earth's magnetic field has mysteriously faded in strength and then returned to normal with the North and South poles reversed. Scientists have long suspected that these reversals may somehow be linked with such old biological puzzles as the sudden disappearance of the dinosaurs some 65 million years ago. Now investigators from Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory have added new

Creating
a better
impression

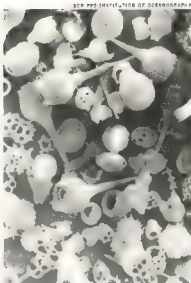


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RADIOLARIA FOSSILS MAGNIFIED 100 TIMES
Another switch long overdue.

evidence to the old speculations. They report that six species of Radiolaria—tiny marine animals—suddenly became extinct during or shortly after switches in the earth's magnetic poles.

The evidence comes from 28 samples of the sea bottom drilled in the Pacific and Antarctic oceans. After microscopic examinations of half a million individual fossils taken from the deep-sea cores, Paleontologist James D. Hays and Geophysicist Neil Opdyke concluded that two species of Radiolaria became extinct 2.4 million years ago, another about two million years ago, two about 1.8 million and one about a million years ago. The dates, Hays told a meeting of the Geological Society of America, are significantly close to known reversals in the earth's field.

Vanishing Field. Exactly how the reversals could have wreaked such biological havoc is a matter of dispute. Some investigators have theorized that the deterioration in the earth's protective magnetic shield during reversals of the magnetic poles allowed an increased amount of damaging solar radiation to reach the earth. More recently, a number of geophysicists have calculated that even if the magnetic field completely vanished during reversal, the additional radiation would not be intense enough to destroy entire species. As a result, some investigators are beginning to think that the changed magnetism itself may somehow have been responsible.

If dinosaurs were affected by magnetic reversals, could they also harm higher animals like man? No one knows the answer but the question may not be entirely academic. In the past 10 million years, the earth's magnetic poles have reversed themselves, on the average, every 220,000 years. But the last event occurred 700,000 years ago—which means that another switch is now long overdue.

MILESTONES

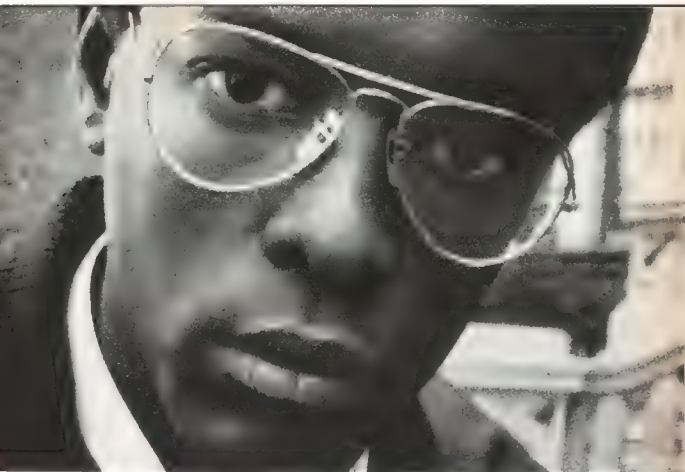
Born. To Ringo Starr, 30, Beatle drummer now making it on his own as a country-and-western blues singer, and Maureen Cox Starr, 24, onetime Liverpool hairdresser: their third child, first daughter, Lee: in London.

Died. J. Parnell Thomas, 75, seven-term Congressman from New Jersey, who gained national prominence as chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee during the Alger Hiss-Whittaker Chambers controversy; in St. Petersburg, Fla. Thomas played a major role in the conviction of Hiss in 1948, but by then he had come a cropper himself for padding his congressional payroll, an offense that earned him nine months in federal prison.

Died. Jacob Blaustein, 78, founder of the American Oil Co. and former president of the American Jewish Committee; in Baltimore. With his father, Blaustein set up the first drive-in gas station in 1915, devised the first pump with a meter that read in dollars and cents, and introduced the first antiknock fuel (it powered Lfðbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis* to Europe in 1927). As a Jewish activist, Blaustein played a major role in persuading David Ben-Gurion to accept the U.N. plan to partition Palestine in 1948, and in negotiations with West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer for more than \$10 billion in reparations to war-crimes victims.

Died. Carlotta Monterey O'Neill, 82, widow of the playwright, a minor actress but great beauty of the '20s; in Westwood, N.J. "The first time I met O'Neill," she once recalled, "I thought him the rudest man I'd ever seen. And he had no use for me." They both soon thought differently, and after a tempestuous courtship, were married in 1929. She brought a semblance of stability to his life, putting his affairs in order, typing his manuscripts and looking after his poor health. He responded with bursts of creative energy, notably *Mourning Becomes Electra* and *Strance Interlude*. "To say that Carlotta and I are in love is weak and inadequate," he told a friend. "I could beat my brains out on the threshold of any old temple of Aphrodite out of pure gratitude for the revelation!"

Died. Constantin Tsaldaris, 86, Greece's first elected Prime Minister after World War II, of liver cirrhosis in Athens. During the Communist rebellion of 1947, he voluntarily stepped down as Premier to assist in the formation of a broad centrist coalition, but stayed on at the Foreign Ministry, where he was instrumental in bringing King George II back from exile and negotiating with the Truman Administration for the massive military and economic aid that was to end the revolt.



Jim was a chip off the old block. No job. No schooling. No hope.

Jim's father never really had a chance.

He came north right after World War II. But he just wasn't equipped to work in the industrial north. He had little schooling. No training. So all his working life most of the jobs he could get were menial and part-time. With little hope for anything better.

Jim, without knowing it, was on his way to becoming his father. He spurned school. Missed classes. Didn't study. Was thinking of dropping out. And the future was a big blank.

Then in his junior year, Jim started to do a slow but sure turnaround. He dropped the idea of dropping out. And started working hard to stay in. He went to all his classes. And really started digging the books.

What makes a young man like Jim change? A youngster who didn't believe in the future. One who saw the future as a lot of stupid little jobs. And never enough money.

No one knows. Not even Jim.

But one of the things Jim always mentions was a new course he took at his high school in New York City. A professional automotive course initiated by Shell Oil Company. With Shell providing the lesson plans, the sophisticated electronic tune-up equipment and various

learning materials.

Jim says he sparked to the course immediately. He was intrigued by the fancy equipment. And liked the idea of diagnosing sick engines.

But more important than that, Jim started to see himself differently. He began to realize that he could become something... if he learned something. And the idea took hold.

Today Jim is well on his way. He's a sophomore in a New York City college, studying hard to be an engineer.

Jim is not the only success story in this course. So far, over 100 young men have graduated. Many have gone on to good paying jobs in automotive and aircraft repair.

But the real surprise: many of the youngsters have gone on to college.

Shell was delighted with the results. So they extended the course to 12 other high schools. With 25 more to follow.

There are a lot of young men out there just like Jim. Youngsters who can and want to be something. All they need is a chance.

Shell wants to help even more of them get that chance.

(Jim is a real person. But his name is not Jim.)



ART

Inward Perspectives

He was a monkish illuminator on the brain's vellum, a contemplative who shunned the world of action and became one of the very few 20th century painters who could work small without implying some degree of frustration. Paul Klee's natural space was a scrap of paper ten inches wide, and all its perspectives faced inward. "I have never," said his friend Jankel Adler, "seen a man who had such creative quiet. His face was that of a man who knows about day and night, sky and sea and air. I have often seen Klee's window from the street, with his pale oval face like a large egg, and his open



KLEE AS YOUNG MAN
Face like a large egg.

eyes pressed to the windowpane."

Yet his output was huge. Between Klee's birth in 1879 and his death from a wasting disease in a Swiss sanatorium 60 years later, he produced over 9,000 works. Perhaps one could no more put on a "definitive" Klee show than fix the shape of a swarm of bees. But the one at the Haus der Kunst in Munich has made a valiant attempt, mustering 537 paintings, sculptures, drawings and prints to memorialize the 30th anniversary of his death.

Tidy Man. There are no novels about Klee, as there are about Gauguin, Modigliani and Picasso. For nothing ever happened to him. Even when the Nazis in 1933 began their suppression of cultural freedom in Germany, where Klee had been teaching for twelve years, he quietly moved back to Switzerland for refuge without fuss or rancor. Politics did not interest him, and his life-style scarcely changed. With his tabby cats, his violin, and his watercolors hung out to dry like dish towels on a clothesline in his studio, Klee had always seemed like the Caspar Milquetoast of the avant-garde. From boyhood, he had managed

to ignore or bypass every emotional crisis that might have distracted him from his art. He shrugged off the end of one love affair with Teutonic priggishness. "Since only a few weak poems in the popular vein remained of that adventure," the young artist noted in his diary in 1901, "I was once again completely available for the higher sort of love." He found it a few years later in Lily Stumpf, a pianist of irreproachable virtue, married her, and never looked back.

It may be an exaggeration, but not much of one, to say that Klee's development was a long struggle to transcend his innate tepidity. But the transcendence became real, and through it Klee reached a pitch of self-awareness such as few modern artists have achieved. "What my art probably lacks," he wrote, "is a kind of passionate humanity. I don't love animals and every sort of creature with an earthly warmth. I don't descend to them or raise them to myself. Do I radiate warmth? Coolness? There is no talk of such things when you have got beyond white heat. There is no sensuous relationship, not even the noblest, between myself and the many."

That was indeed the crux of Klee's art. His work sprang from a peculiarly astatic meditative center, neither "emotional" nor "intellectual," but simply withdrawn. His reputation as a great teacher seems to rest more on his published theories in the *Pedagogical Sketchbook* than on the results he got from his pupils. Though he was one of the ornaments of the Bauhaus during his years in Germany, working there did not affect his style, nor did his idiosyncratic style affect the Bauhaus theorists. It was just another monastery to him.

Maker of Ideograms. What made him so influential was the look of his paintings, their sign language and visual shorthand. His imagination was fenced with ironies and ambiguities. The grand manner had no place in it. An early etching, *Hero with a Wing*, 1905, is typical. It belongs to the sardonic world of absurd theater—a parody of a classical statue, failed Icarus with a broken arm and a wooden leg, brandishing his one frayed wing like a plucked and grumpy rooster. Other artists of Klee's time, a Bonnard or a Matisse, could and did summon up with a few brush strokes a whole universe of specific experiences—the golden, fuzzy weight of a peach, the glaze of china, the density and pink warmth of an odalisque's leg. Klee was not interested, he abstracted, and made ideograms. *Butinik at Theater*, 1924-34, is aptly named, for the ceremonial dance of leaf and bloom, formal as an Islamic tile, stands to real plants as puppets do to real people. Yet the plants are alive, and their vitality is in the probing, inquisitive line that flowed from Klee's pen. He was an astounding draftsman, one of the virtuosi of the century. Whether tracing into

cubist patterns the squares and towers of a Renaissance town (*Italian City*, 1928), or making a gay arabesque out of the contents of a moon-washed room (*Still-Life: Plant and Window*, 1927) or simply, in Klee's words, taking a walk by itself, the line fizzles with exuberance.

Syntax of Fantasy. What connects Klee's inner vision to present experience is not his power to transmit "reality" but the enchanting spectacle of his language. His inventiveness was phenomenal and contained surprising propositions for, and anticipations of the future *Flower Myth*, 1918—with its squiggled symbols for plants and trees and chirpy bird flying across the red landscape of an equivocal torso that might be Mother Earth—is the ancestor of the flattened, wrinkled landscape-nudes, scrawled with graffiti, that Jean Dubuffet

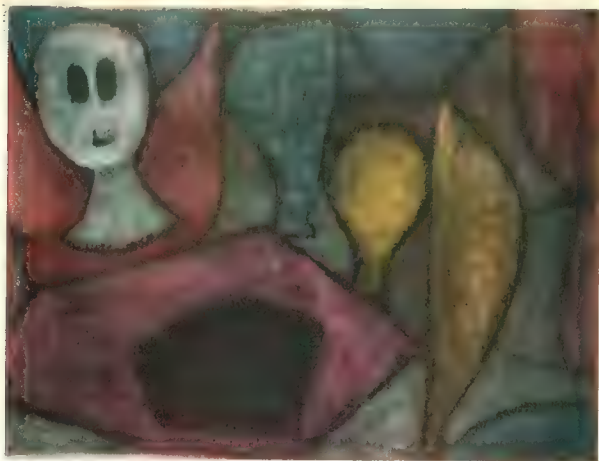


HERO WITH A WING
Parody of a classic.

was to paint thirty years later. It is a syntax of fantasy, the color swelling and glowing, all heaviness gone. There was probably never an artist with less fear-someness than Klee: his conventional signs for sun, tree, body or fish are so unpretentious, epigrammatic and neat that one accepts them at once—it seems churlish not to. But he was not a mysterious artist, and the pathos of his last paintings, like *The Angel of Death*, 1940, is really a failed sense of foreboding—failed, because his signs could hardly accommodate real fear. The crusty paint on ragged hurlap, the blurred and bulbous shapes, can only be made to look tragic within the context of Klee's earlier dexterities.

Klee may have been the last painter who felt that he could construct a universe—not just some parts of it—in his own head, in complete microscopic detail. It was not life at large, but a doll's theater of life, that played out its tiny and absorbing dramas within the frames of his paintings. He may not have been a major artist. But he was a stunningly complete one.

■ Robert Hughes

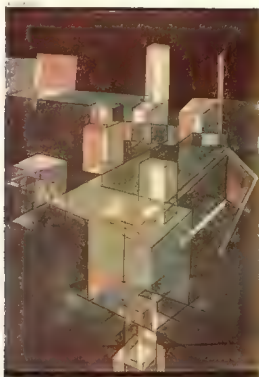


Angel of Death (1940)

Klee: Virtuoso of Fantasy

Still Life: Plant and Window (1927)





Italian City (1928)



Flower Myth (1918)



Botanical Theater (1924-34)

RELIGION

The Pilgrims: Unshakable Myth

Somewhere in the back of the collective American mind lies a quaint and engaging folk memory that surfaces once a year on Thanksgiving. The Pilgrims. Stouthearted, pious, gray-clad churchmen marching to their meeting-house with bell-mouthed musket and faith in God. Brave Miles Standish, Gentle Priscilla, "Speak for Yourself John" Alden. The Mayflower Compact, that cornerstone of American democracy. Freedom of worship in a new world.

Myth, much of it, the creation of patriotic 19th century romantics. Yet the coming of the Pilgrims is being celebrated this year with particular fervor, for 1970 marks the 350th anniversary of their landing on Nov. 21, 1620, at what is now Provincetown, Mass., and their final settlement at Plymouth a month later. The celebration will continue until November 1971—the 350th anniversary of the First Thanksgiving—and it is richly deserved, because the Pilgrims were more fascinating in fact than they ever were in fiction.

Separatist Saints. The *Mayflower* company was, to begin with, no homogenous assembly of pious churchmen, but a mixed bag of cantankerous "saints and strangers"—angry religious rebels and ungodly adventurers who took unseemly pleasure in hurling invective at one another. The "saints" were bona fide revolutionaries—reformers within a Reformation. The Anglican Church under the Stuarts with its emphasis on bishops and mandated ritual, was for them hardly more pure or godly than the "whore of Rome," as they called the Roman Catholic Church. The Bible should be the only authority, the reformers felt. Some also believed that each congregation should be its own independent governing body. Those who hoped for such independence within the Church of England were "non-separating Congregationalists," represented in New England by the Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Those who felt reform could only be achieved outside the established church were Separatists, and from their number came the Pilgrim "saints" of the Plymouth Company.

The Pilgrims do not deserve the sentimental image created for them by Longfellow and his contemporaries in the 19th century, when the name Pilgrim itself finally began to catch on. They had to be, and were considerably tougher to surmount the brutal odds threaten-



THEY'VE SHOT TWENTY-NINE OF OUR BRAVES, POLLUTED ALL THE RIVERS, KILLED MOST OF THE GAME AND RAPED THE CHIEF'S SISTER. NOW HE WANTS US TO DROP OVER NEXT THURSDAY FOR TURKEY DINNER WITH ALL THE FIXINS'.

ing their survival—one aspect of the myth that has not been exaggerated. During the first winter, cold, disease and famine cut their number in half—13 out of the 18 wives who came on the *Mayflower* died. More might have perished had not an early landing party stolen Indian corn from buried caches—a find they considered to be "God's providence. Only privation made the Pilgrims temporary teetotalers; only because of their "great thirst" was the New England water "as pleasant unto them as wine or beer had been in for-times." Soon enough they began to make their own wine and beer.

Weekdays, the Pilgrims looked like any other Englishmen, wearing the rich browns or the Lincoln greens then pop-



SOME SORT OF TRIANGLE, I SUPPOSE."

ular in their homeland. Governor Bradford even had a red vest and William Brewster a violet coat. The traditional dour grays and blacks were principally for Sundays. Their observance of the gloomy Sunday, however, was a practice not without its perils. Since the Pilgrims believed that a baby born on a Sunday had been conceived on a Sunday, preachers thundered when a woman gave birth on a Sunday. One preacher stopped such harangues after his own wife gave birth to twins during the Sunday afternoon period he regularly reserved for prayer and meditation.

Swift Punishment. The Pilgrims were certainly not opposed to sex, families were large, and widowers remarried quickly, sometimes within weeks of a wife's death. But aberrations were punished swiftly and, in at least one case, with terrible severity. During 1642, reported Bradford, "even sodomic and buggery (things fearful to name) have brook forth in this land, oftener than once." One hapless boy of "16 or 17," having confessed to bestiality with "a mare, a cowe, two goats, five sheep, two calves and a turkey," was tried by jury and executed, but not before such animals as he could identify were slaughtered, in accordance with an injunction in the *Book of Leviticus*.

Democracy in government hardly existed. The *Mayflower Compact* was only an agreement to ensure self-government and good order for the new colony, and it was neither signed by all nor did it contain any democratic guarantees. The Separatist elite kept tight hold on the reins of government and sometimes made life uncomfortable for those not among the "saints." When Bradford permitted Anglican members of the community to abstain from work on Christmas—a holiday not observed by the Separatists—he expected them to observe the day solemnly. Finding some men playing sports, he "took away their implements" and sent them home.

Yet the Pilgrim congregational church structure—like that of the Massachusetts Bay Puritans—was democratic, a tradition carried into New England's history. Moreover, the Plymouth settlers preserved not only the fundamental rights of Englishmen—among them, trial by jury and due process—but gave legal protection to Indians. They did not hesitate to execute two fellow Pilgrims for killing an Indian.

One thing that the original Pilgrim congregation did not preserve intact was its orthodox Separatist faith. At the beginning of the 19th century, the congregation of the First Church of Plymouth split over belief in the Trinity and took a vote. The losers would leave the congregation. The Unitarians won the election, but lost their church to fire a century later. The pastor of the Unitarian Church of the Pilgrimage across the street could not resist the opportunity to scoff a bit. "We kept the faith," said a sign he hung outside his church. "They kept the furniture."

Governor William Bradford seems to have been the first to use the name, describing their departure from Leyden. "They knew they were pilgrims." But the colonists never applied it to themselves as a group. Bradford's history, *Of Plymouth Plantation*, could have been a corrective to the 19th century myths, but the manuscript, spirited away to England during the American Revolution, was lost until the mid-19th century.

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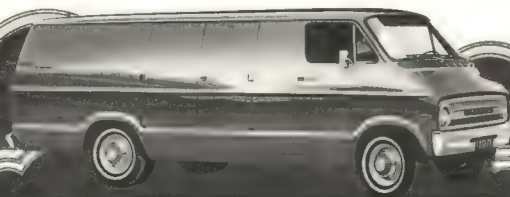
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BUSINESS

A New Campaign to Repave Wall Street

THAT Wall Street must undergo fundamental reforms if it is to survive as the securities-trading capital is almost universally accepted. Woe to him, however, who tries to translate broad truism into specific truth. Robert Haack, president of the New York Stock Exchange, discovered the danger last week when he proposed some basic revisions in exchange rules. Though some members supported him, many reacted as if he were ordering tumbrels to convey them to the guillotine. Among the insults flung at him were "panderer," "out of his mind" and "he makes me sick." Bernard Lasker, chairman of the N.Y.S.E. board of governors, observed that the board, not the president, makes policy.

Haack had suggested the eventual scrapping of one of the Big Board's most cherished principles that all member brokers must charge the same commissions on stock trades. The rule originated in 1792, when 24 brokers met under a buttonwood tree in downtown Manhattan to found the organization that later became the exchange. They agreed, among other things, not to try to undercut one another's commission rates. Ever since, the fixed commission system has been generally viewed as essential to the Big Board's existence.

Chicanery Problem. Haack in the past has voiced that sentiment himself, but last week he argued that the fixed-commission system loses business for the exchange and its members. Unable to get discounts on the Big Board, mutual funds, pension funds and other institutional investors are channeling a growing share of their business to regional exchanges and the so-called third market, where brokers arrange private trades of listed stocks. Some 20% of all trading in N.Y.S.E.-listed stocks, and 35% to 45% of the large-block trades (10,000 shares or more), now take place away from the exchange floor. That is bad for the public as well as the N.Y.S.E. Haack argues, because trading on the regional exchanges is more loosely regulated than on the Big Board, and third-market trades are not regulated at all.

Pursued to the extreme, the trend toward fragmentation of trading could return markets to a primitive condition, in which investors would have to guess how many shares of what securities were traded and at what price. Few, if any, of the other markets have the prompt reporting of price and volume information that the Big Board does. They

also lack the elaborate mechanisms that the N.Y.S.E. has developed to guard against chicanery.

One obvious solution would be tighter Securities and Exchange Commission regulation of the other markets, and Haack called for that. But he also proposed that the Big Board do something on its own to win back business. Hence the idea of letting member brokers negotiate commissions individually with clients on large trades—and an "ultimate objective" of switching to negotiated commissions on all trades. Commissions

The Justice Department argued for negotiated commissions in 1968, contending that fixed commissions were against the spirit of the antitrust laws. Last month the SEC proposed testing negotiated commissions on trades involving more than \$100,000. But coming from one of their own, the negotiated-commission argument is tantamount to treason to many Wall Streeters. Their point is that now—when at least ten brokerage houses are being liquidated, others have survived only through forced mergers and still others are rumored to be totter-

ing—the industry is in no financial shape even to begin thinking of negotiated commissions. Haack's critics fear that whole platoons of smaller brokerage houses would be wiped out because some of the bigger firms would be able to underbid them for vital institutional business.

In the same speech in which he shocked his constituents, Haack also chastised some of them for indulging in "blatant gimmickry." He was referring to the practice of some exchange members, when trading in other markets, of granting discounts they cannot offer on the Big Board. Then he threw in a proposal to change the ways in which exchange members elect governors, so that the exchange could get rid of the last vestiges of a "private club" atmosphere. Though such ideas will not increase Haack's popularity with many exchange members, they could increase his clout with the big houses, some of whose officers also are not averse to negotiated commissions.

Haack has support on the SEC, too, but how effective it will be cannot be gauged until President

Nixon picks a successor to Hamer ("Judge") Budge, who has announced his resignation as chairman. Budge, a former Idaho Congressman and judge, had a predisposition to move cautiously that caused some Wall Streeters to dismiss him as a do-little regulator, but he will leave with some accomplishments to his credit. He soothed the SEC's formerly abrasive relations with Congress enough to bring to the edge of passage a bill tightening regulation of mutual funds. His predecessors had failed to sell the idea. Toward the end, he also had begun to push Wall Street toward some reforms.

Whoever the new chairman is, he will have to deal with a securities industry that is much in need of firm guidance. Congressional passage this session of the



MONTAGE OF MERGERS ON THE STREET
From broad truism to specific truth.

then would be set entirely through bargaining, rates to institutional investors, who have massive negotiating power, probably would go down, while rates to small individual investors might well rise. To offset that effect partially, Haack also suggested "unbundling" some fees. That means charging separately for such services as research, rather than trying to cover them all by standard rates.

The exchange cannot alter fixed-commission rates rapidly enough to keep up with changing conditions, he insisted, the Big Board has been trying for almost eight years to come up with a new commission schedule that would please both its members and the Securities and Exchange Commission, but still does not have one.

Haack's views are not entirely novel.

The Big Board's Stand-Up President

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT called the presidency of the New York Stock Exchange "the second toughest job in the world." The present big man at the Big Board takes a similarly large view: "My job is to move these people into the 21st century." Yet neither the personas nor the performance of Robert William Haack seemed grandiose—until last week. Quiet spoken, looking younger than his 53 years, sometimes awed by the satraps of the Street, Haack had come across as more the manager and conciliator than the innovative leader. Unlike his predecessor, G. Keith Funston, who served the exchange as a supersalesman, Haack seemed like central casting's response to a call for a small-town doctor.

There have been plenty of ills to cure for since Haack took over in 1967. He had to contend first with a runaway bull market and then a severe slowdown in the securities industry. There were times, he says, when "I slept very well between 2:15 a.m. and 2:30 a.m." In many of the mergers on Wall Street over the past twelve months, Haack has been the man holding the shotgun.

Haack has the considerable advantage of knowing the business thoroughly, hav-

ing spent all his working life in the securities field. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., the son of an insurance agent, he graduated from Hope College in Holland, Mich., in 1940. He went on to Harvard Business School on a scholarship, earning an M.B.A., and joined Milwaukee's Wisconsin Co., which later became Robert W. Baird & Co. As a securities analyst there, he earned \$125 a month (his present salary: \$125,000 a year). After a wartime stint in the Navy, he returned to the same company and was made a partner in 1950. At the time, he had only \$1,000 cash and had to sign a note for the other \$9,000 in capital that was required of a new partner. By 1964 Haack was the unpaid chairman of the National Association of Securities Dealers, a job he held only four months before he was tapped as the association's first full-time president. He moved to Washington, where his wife and four children still live; Haack now commutes home from New York on weekends.

One of the first and most frequent criticisms that Haack had to face as president of the Big Board was that, although he was a good public speaker



HAACK

and golfer, he lacked punch in his job. Associates wondered when the real Robert Haack would stand up. Now he has. Instead of making his speech as he usually does, without text or even notes, he says: "I wrote this speech myself, nine drafts of it. This wasn't a product of the public relations department. It was pure Haack. I knew it would offend some members, but I felt strongly." Haack admits that "it could lead to my being fired," but the opposite may be just as true. By speaking out publicly, Haack made his opponents within the exchange appear to be standing in the way of progress. He has also propelled himself into a position of real leadership that he has never had until now.

bill to set up a Securities Investor Protection Corp.—to safeguard customers of insolvent brokers—would take some of the pressure off Wall Street. The bill's chances improved last week after an aide to Representative John Moss, a sponsor of the legislation, telephoned Haack. He wanted to know why the Big Board had gone to great lengths to persuade Merrill Lynch to take over Goodbody & Co., a failing major house, but had hesitated to aid customers of three smaller houses: First Devonshire, Robinson & Co., and Charles Plohn & Co. Haack replied that customers of the three houses would be rescued.

Whatever aid it may get from SIPC, Wall Street is still reeling from the impact of brokerage failures and debating how to organize itself. The views of the new SEC chairman, whose agency must approve all commission-rate changes, could be decisive in resolving it.

It is well known that the New York Stock Exchange has had to scramble desperately to arrange mergers for some

brokerages threatened with collapse—but *FORTUNE* this week discloses how far the N.Y.S.E. had to go in one case that its officials tried hard to keep secret. Newspaper stories had disclosed that the exchange earlier this year lent Hayden, Stone \$5,000,000 out of a special trust fund earmarked for investor indemnification. The attempt to keep the firm afloat failed, and Hayden, Stone was later taken over by two other firms, Walston & Co. and Cogan, Berland, Weill & Levitt.

FORTUNE now reveals that, just before the merger, the trust fund put another \$7,600,000 into Hayden, Stone, and that most of this money then went to Cogan (now renamed CBWL-Hayden, Stone Inc.) as a condition of the sale. "In other words," says *FORTUNE*, "the exchange chose to buy itself a rescue." But the tactic resulted in a curious arrangement: through the trust fund, *FORTUNE* notes, the exchange now holds an indirect interest in CBWL—a firm that it is supposed to regulate like any other member.

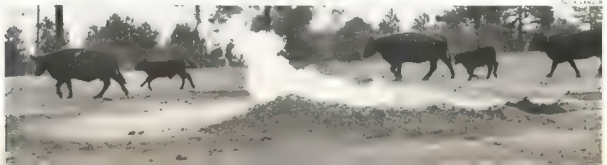
OIL

The Luck of Roaring Oneida

The fryers in Noah Blevins' hen house woke up one morning recently to find a 10-ft. flame roaring up out of the barnyard. It was a "burn-off." Like a dozen or so other small farmers around Oneida, Tenn. (pop. 3,500), Blevins had just struck oil. Before long, the chicken coops took second place to storage tanks as the dominant topography on the Blevins farm. The biggest oil boom in the state's history has brought prosperity to rural Scott County on the Cumberland Plateau of eastern Tennessee.

Affluence has its price, of course. "The odor is terrible," complains Mrs. Jean Puckett, who has wells and burn-offs to either side of her one-acre lot. "It's just like leaving on a gas stove without lighting it." Lon Whaley, who has two of the natural gas burn-offs lighting up his front yard like the county fairgrounds, has difficulty getting to sleep at night. And Noah Blevins worries about the landscape: "It 'bout made

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me sick to see them drillin' and tearin' up what I spent all my life buildin'."

Near-Millionaires. Even so, few farmers held out very long after word got around in August that 30 years of sporadic drilling in Scott County had finally paid off. Oil rights that had gone begging for years at \$0.10 an acre have now been sublet for as much as \$2,000, plus 50% royalties. Today there is hardly a single unleased acre left in Scott and three neighboring counties. Though no resident has yet become a millionaire, some are getting pretty close. Blevins, for example, expects to gross nearly \$200,000 a year in royalties—close to his total earnings for all of his 55 years. Lon Whaley expects to do even better.

Scott County can surely use the prosperity. One-third of its 16,000 people are on welfare. Some still live in log cabins heated by wood stoves. When new safety laws went into effect last May, scores of men at nearby coal mines were permanently laid off. Unfortunately for the locals, workers on the 25 new oil wells are mostly skilled outsiders brought in by independent drillers. (The big oil companies have not yet come to Scott County.) At least one driller, however, is starting to train Cumberland men for the jobs.

In the scramble for subleases, drilling rights and tips on new finds, Oneida has become the newest boom-town headquarters of the oil industry. Cadillac and Lincoln with out-of-state license plates cruise the streets. D.B. Biglane, rotund in his checked suit, swoops in almost weekly from Natchez, Miss., in his rented DC-3. Like most visiting oilmen, he wheels and deals at Toke's Motel and Restaurant. Owner Toke Phillips, who now drives a Cadillac himself, has nearly doubled his prices and started a 16-room addition. Across town, the B & Z Motel is putting up visitors in trailers on a vacant lot.

Without Pumps. The town's half dozen lawyers, most of them named Sexton and vaguely related to one another, refuse to take non-oil cases any more. Even oilmen queue up to see them. "When someone comes in and wants title or lease work done," says one lawyer, "I tell 'em to put \$300 on the table before we even start talking."

The boom, currently at 22,400 barrels of crude a week, shows no signs of abating. A freelance driller, Clarence ("Squeak") Collins, happily exhibits a geologist's map that shows 17 more underground oil pools in the county, all a mere 1,200 ft to 1,700 ft down. "Naturally all the wells in the county are draining from a single pool now," he rhapsodizes. "Think what's still down there!" Oil experts estimate the area's reserves at 10 million barrels. Another independent producer, George Sakellaris, predicts that the natural gas that forces oil right into the storage tanks without benefit of pumps—and is now disposed of in burn-offs—will some day be even more profitable than the oil.

Twilight of a Tycoon

SOON after eight on most mornings, an elderly man steps out of a Fifth Avenue apartment house and walks with a faltering gait to an office building on Sixth. Few passers-by give him a second glance; in his somber suit, topped by a plastic raincoat on wet days, he seems to be just another Manhattanite going to work. The appearance is misleading. He is Daniel K. Ludwig, the quiet billionaire who has built a shipping, real estate and financial empire that grules the globe. At 73, Ludwig is worth between \$2 billion and \$3 billion which makes him one of the world's half-dozen wealthiest men. Now there are signs that his huge empire may not long survive him in its current form.

Ludwig has no son to whom he can leave control, and no trusted manager who is being groomed as undisputed successor. He has always been reluctant to delegate authority and to build a management team that might challenge his autocratic rule. Because he owns most of his enterprises outright, there are no stockholders to force a change in his ways. He never sees the press, and at National Bulk Carriers, his main operating company in the U.S., executives will cheerfully deny that they know anyone named Ludwig. Says a senior executive who left his employ this year, "Mr. Ludwig organizes his business as a system of separate cells. The members of one cell do not usually know that the others exist, except by rumor. Only Mr. Ludwig knows the full extent of his empire, and how it all fits together."

Even so, the outlines of the empire can be discerned through the camouflage with which Ludwig obscures his activities. The six principal divisions:

SHIPPING Ludwig's 59 oceangoing ships include the six biggest tankers afloat, each more than 326,000 deadweight tons. In all, Ludwig has some 5,000,000 deadweight tons on the high seas—a bigger operation than that of either Aristotle Onassis or Stavros Niarchos.

FINANCE Ludwig owns or controls savings and loan companies that have assets of more than \$200 million and

deposits of \$4 billion. They include Colonial Savings and Loan Association of San Francisco, with assets of \$111.6 million, and Colonial Savings and Loan Association of the South, with assets of \$87.3 million.

REAL ESTATE Through American-Hawaiian Steamship, Ludwig is developing land in several parts of the U.S. The holdings include Westlake Village in Southern California; Ludwig's partner in that \$1 billion venture is the Prudential Insurance Co. Ludwig also owns land in the Bahamas and condominium developments in Australia, and has interests in office and apartment buildings in New York.

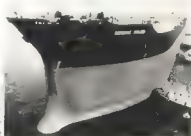
HOTELS Ludwig owns or operates such hotels as the Princess in Bermuda, and the International in Freeport on Grand Bahama Island. He is building or planning hotels in San Francisco, Bermuda, West Germany and Mexico.

NATURAL RESOURCES Ludwig owns the world's largest producer of salt by the sun-evaporation method; in Mexico, coal mines in Australia; potash fields in Ethiopia, and iron-ore deposits in both Australia and Canada.

PETROLEUM AND PETROCHEMICALS As well as owning a refinery in Panama, Ludwig is a partner in development of a refinery and petrochemicals complex in Dade County, Fla.

For a time it seemed that Ludwig did have a business heir. William W. Wagner, vice president of National Bulk Carriers, but Wagner died unexpectedly in March. Said one insider, "Wagner must have had 40 people re-

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WESTLAKE VILLAGE & MARINA, CALIF



porting to him directly. When he went, we were suddenly missing two full levels of management." With unexpected room at the top, there is now competition for power. The leading aspirant is John Nottter, 35, president of American-Hawaiian Steamship. Nottter, however, is not a shipping man, as Wagner was, but a real estate expert. "What Ludwig needs," says a banker who knows him well, "is another Wagner—a brilliant shipping executive who can see the broad picture, as well as remember the little details Ludwig got his start in shipping, and everything else has been built on it."

Ships have fascinated Ludwig all his life. The son of a moderately successful real estate operator, he scraped together \$25 to buy a sunken, 26-ft boat lying in the lake off his home town of South Haven, Mich. At the time, he was nine years old. After raising the boat and working all winter on repairs, Ludwig chartered it for more than twice his investment. By the time he was 26, Ludwig had acquired an antique oil tanker, one of the first half-dozen ever built. The tanker business has brought him wealth, but it also nearly killed him. In 1926, he went below decks to rescue two sailors overcome by gasoline fumes. A flash explosion killed the sailors and hurled Ludwig 25 feet through the air, fusing three vertebrae in his back. Even today, after a risky operation, he suffers recurring pains.

Other People's Money. During most of those early years, Ludwig was short of cash; at times, he teetered on the

verge of insolvency. But by the mid-1930s, he had pioneered a financing technique that is now standard in the shipping business. Before buying or building a ship, Ludwig would arrange for a client to charter it for up to 20 years. He would then borrow the entire cost of the ship, and repay the loan, plus interest, out of the charter fees. The result, a fleet purchased with other people's money.

Over the years, Ludwig has added some profitable frills to the basic technique. His ships are owned by a bewildering tangle of companies incorporated in other countries, particularly Liberia and Panama. The reasons are simple. "Flag-of-convenience" countries like Liberia charge lower registration fees than others, impose few safety regulations and allow industry to hire foreign crews at low wages. In addition, by registering both his ships and the companies that own them in countries that levy no income tax, Ludwig saves millions of dollars each year.

Ludwig's standardization of ship design is legendary among rivals. Wherever the vessels are built, and whatever their size, Ludwig ships have many interchangeable parts. This standardization has two profitable results: construction and maintenance are cheaper and captains and crews can take over any ship without finding it unfamiliar. Ludwig cuts design and construction costs to the bone. Many Ludwig ships have exhaust pipes instead of funnels, which cost more. Few, if any, have air conditioning, and none has the swimming

pool for the crew that is common on ships owned by less parsimonious men.

Missing the Boat. Ludwig took big risks in his youth; today he goes for the safe bet. More adventurous owners, including Niarchos and Onassis, keep some ships free so as to benefit from rises in spot charter rates. Ludwig tries to keep all his ships on charter from the moment they sail out of the yard. Thus he has not profited greatly by the recent large jump in spot rates. "He really missed that boat," says one of his shipping managers. "But I don't think he wanted to catch it. The danger of the spot charter business is that you can find yourself with an idle ship and crew, and lose all your profits."

What Ludwig looks for is a steady flow of cash that can be invested in projects that will nourish each other. In Panama, for example, Ludwig tankers take crude to the refinery he owns, and other Ludwig ships help to take the refined products to market. His biggest tankers cannot squeeze through the canal, so Ludwig is building a pipeline across the Isthmus of Panama. He is also developing a \$300 million deep-water tanker port. Much steel will be used in these projects; Ludwig bulk carriers ship ore to steel plants.

Cultivating the Great. In his business, Ludwig deals with everyone from heads of government and international bankers to the captains of his own ships. He likes to mix with the great and near great. Richard Nixon, before he became President, was a Ludwig house guest, so was Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia. As befits a man with much to conserve, Ludwig is politically conservative. On the grand piano in his New York penthouse stands a large photograph of him smiling happily at California Governor Ronald Reagan.

But Ludwig has few friends, and is seldom seen in public. He can be a difficult host once, a friend recalls, he insulted a fading Hollywood star who came to dinner, and showed no remorse when she departed in tears. Ludwig is also a difficult guest. The daughter of a man who worked for him for many years says "Mr. Ludwig is impatient with small talk. When he comes to supper he will shake hands, smile charmingly, and then go into a corner to talk business. If he admires the view, it is with the eye of a developer."

Ludwig has been married twice. The first marriage broke up quickly, amid much bitterness. His daughter by that marriage admits to "frustrating" relations with her father. Ludwig's second wife whom he married in 1945, has a son by her first husband. Neither Mrs. Ludwig nor the son plays any part in Ludwig's business. For about 20 years the Ludwigs lived in a comfortable but unremarkable house in Darien, Conn. Three years ago, they turned over the house to a hospital and made the Manhattan penthouse their main home. Their Darien neighbor for 17 years, Mrs. Edward P. Moore, cannot even describe

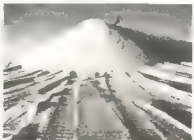
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, FREEPORT (AT RIGHT).



LUDWIG (1964)



SALT PROCESSING IN MEXICO



them: "They hardly ever came out of the house," she remembers. "They just kept to themselves."

Having suffered 40 years of pain in his back, and now reported to be in poor health, Ludwig has become increasingly interested in medicine. Recently, he set up a foundation to channel money into cancer research. Much of his estate will go to the foundation. Characteristically, he has made his arrangements without fanfare, and with attention to legal nuance. In concentrating on detail, however, he seems to have missed one major item: the selection of a successor to steer one of the largest and last personal financial empires.

CONSUMERISM

Danger in Toyland

A Party Pack, Five-Fringed Balloon Squawker is simply a balloon with a small metal noisemaker attached. The problem, as one irate parent noted, is this: "My daughter, aged four, did not take the mouthpiece out of her mouth when she let the air out, and the metal piece that makes the noise shot down her throat. She started to gag and turn blue. Fortunately, she had just had dinner and the gagging made her vomit, forcing out the piece of metal."

Other children may not be so lucky, and the Food and Drug Administration last week said that it would take steps to ban Balloon Squawkers and three other potentially harmful toys: metal tipped lawn darts that have pierced a child's skull, a super-load cap gun that can cause ear damage, and a baby rattle that can fall apart and expose sharp metal prongs. If carried out, it would be the first FDA prescription under the Child Protection and Toy Safety Act of 1969.

Refund Threat. Though FDA will wait at least 15 days for replies from the makers before enforcing the prohibitions, the announcement served as a warning to the presently booming \$2.3 billion a year toy industry. With five shopping weeks remaining until Christmas, sales are up as much as 12%—despite the general economic slump. Nevertheless, Government intervention, though limited, may well cause many buyers to be more cautious. For toys that are finally banned by the FDA, the penalty can be retroactive, a provision of the act requires retailers to refund the purchase price of a condemned toy; the store owner can then seek reimbursement from the manufacturer.

For some companies—like R.B. Jarts Co. of Fort Edward, N.Y., whose only product for twelve years has been the lawn darts—the law could spell ruin. "I'd rather be hit by a lawn dart than by a horseshoe," bristles Jarts President Robert Barnett. "Kids can hurt themselves with bicycles and archery and rifles too. Why aren't they included?"

Most companies, however, are taking the prospect of tougher safety enforcement more gracefully. "We're just poor country boys manufacturing what we



PAPER TEST ON METAL CASTER

C. U. S. KAPLAN WITH CAP GUN AND DARTS

consider to be good toys," said an executive of Ohio Art Co., maker of the cap gun cited by FDA. "We're not manufacturing anything with the intention of hurting a child. We are concerned with safety." Actually, the industry has little to fear in the way of a general crackdown, the Government has moved with a caution bordering on lethargy. Since the safety statute was passed eleven months ago, FDA and its parent, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, have been working out generous compromises over hazardous products rather than banning them outright. All together, FDA has talked manufacturers into modifying or discontinuing 24 items.

Molten Lead. In keeping with the benign attitude that characterizes the approach of many Government regulatory programs, and because the Toy Safety Act is ambiguous as to enforcement, the FDA has chosen to ignore the law's emergency provision. That provision could be used to end the sale of an item before a hearing. As it stands, even the four toys already cited will probably be around as long as retailers' stocks last—almost surely well past Christmas.

Irked at what they called "flagrant disregard for the safety of children," the Consumers Union and the Children's Foundation, both nonprofit groups, threatened last week to sue HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson for failure to use the emergency powers. "This is inexcusable inattention," said Morris Kaplan, Consumers Union technical director. "How many children have to be maimed or killed at Christmas before HEW acts?"

The groups want the four cited toys off the shelves by Christmas, as well as five additional toys that FDA refuses to take action on. Included are two poorly insulated stoves that reach temperatures of up to 600 degrees, a metal-casting set that can ignite paper or dangling sleeves, a crib mobile that can shatter in a baby's face, and a mechanical drawing toy with an easily breakable glass cover. Though makers



of all five toys say that they have corrected the faults, Kaplan contends that stores are still selling the unimproved versions. "Toy models often have a short life," he said. "If a manufacturer can avoid the requirements of the act simply by discontinuing manufacture after having filled the pipeline of retail stores, the act will become a mockery."

ADVERTISING

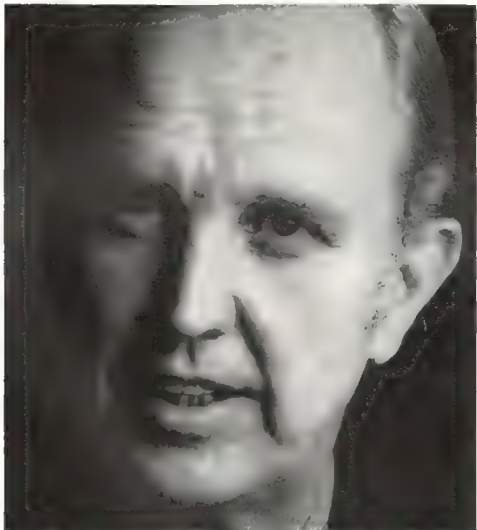
The Soupy Road to Romance

As the commercial opens, hubby asks the little woman (Dancer Ann Miller disguised as a hausfrau) what is cooking. "The Great American Soup!" she says, ripping off her apron. The kitchen walls part to reveal a set out of a 1935 Busby Berkeley musical, including 20 frizzy-haired chorines clattering away on raised silver platforms and 4,000 jets of water colored red, white and blue. The Billy May orchestra pounds out the production number, which has such lyrics as "The soupy road to romance" and "Let's face the chicken gumbo and dance." Miller, singing and tatta-tutting down the runway, does a quick turn on top of a large soup can that rises out of the floor, then dances back into the kitchen as the walls close behind her. "Emily," asks the husband, "why do you always have to make such a big production out of everything?"

The question should have been addressed to Stan Freberg, the Los Angeles advertising impresario, and the Heinz Company. The soupmaker was unhappy about running second to Campbell's ad campaign. Freberg's advice: "Put all your money in one spot." Heinz gave Freberg the job. Just producing the commercial cost \$150,000—probably the largest sum ever budgeted for a one-minute commercial and more than the cost of many 30-minute programs. Never one to do things by halves, Freberg will stage a premiere for the commercial next week at the Beverly Hills Theater, where spotlights will roam the sky as formally dressed celebrities alight from Duesenbergs and Rolls-Royces.

**I've long believed in dialing my own Long Distance calls.
For one thing, it gives me a chance to get "up" for my dialogue.
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And now it saves me money, too.**

Robert Townsend, author of the best seller, "Up the Organization".



Right, Mr. Townsend.

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That's less than half the cost.

So help "up" your organization by cutting costs. Whenever you make a Long Distance call—dial the call yourself.



BOOKS

The Dagger of Deliverance

THE ALEPH & OTHER STORIES 1933
1969 by Jorge Luis Borges. 286 pages
Dutton \$7.95

Jorge Luis Borges has spent a lifetime trying to run away—with stunning success. In part it is the fixed writer of public renown that he fears and flees. Each of his tales represents an escape to some unexplored realm of the imagination. In the most recent stories in *The Aleph*, he has made still another escape, from intellectual labyrinths to the raw, stark world of the pampas.

As a boy, Borges marveled at the deeds of the footloose gaucho. His style easily accommodates to this new setting:



JORGE LUIS BORGES

The complicity of isolation.

before, it was teasing and allusive; now it becomes as sharp as the knives brandished by the outlaws. These tales, moreover, have been smoothly turned into English by Borges and his collaborator, Norman Thomas di Giovanni, an American translator who now lives with the Borges family in Buenos Aires.

The Dignity of Danger. The violence that saturates the tales has a peculiar purity, as if it existed apart from the will of man. In a story called *The Meeting*, two youths start quarreling over cards. They are drawn to a cabinet containing the knives of famous duellists of the past. They fight, one is killed, the other breaks down in tears over his senseless deed. Was it the weapons or the men that fought, asks Borges. It was "as though the knives were coming awake after a long sleep side by side in the cabinet. Even after their gauchos were dust, the knives—the knives, not their tools, the men—knew how to fight."

But if the knives divide men by killing them, they also forge a community

of courage. A man's faith in his strength is "no mere form of vanity but an awareness that God can be found in any man." In *The Challenge*, one gaucho slashes another, then refrains from the fatal thrust "I'm letting you live," he tells his antagonist, "so you'll come back looking for me again." Life cannot be lived without the dignity of danger.

Essential to Borges' vision is a conviction of oneness. To Borges, every human act, however slight, affects all other events. It is a world of perfect complicity. Little wonder that youthful readers in search of community find Borges a kindred spirit. Yet his work suggests that community is reached not by simply linking arms or sharing pot but through sacrifice.

Salvation through Memory. For Borges, that sacrifice is blindness, a condition that unites him with the rest of suffering mankind. In all of 20th century literature—a literature shadowed by darkness and blindness—there can hardly be a more powerful intimation of union through suffering than Borges' fiercely compressed parable *The Maker*. Included in the present volume, this 1958 work suggests Borges' own fate by invoking the life of the blind Homer. Before blindness sets in, writes Borges, the poet lives only by fleeting sensation: "Little by little, the beautiful world began to leave him, a persistent mist erased the lines of his hand, the night lost its multitude of stars. He went deep into his past, which seemed to him bottomless, and managed to draw out of that dizzying descent the lost memory that now shone like a coin under the rain." That memory is of a boyhood encounter, with drawn daggers, at the edge of the sea, "The exact taste of that moment was what he now sought. In this nighttime of his mortal eyes into which he was now descending, love and danger were also in wait for him—because he already divined a rumor of hexameters and glory, a rumor of men defending a shrine which the gods would not save and of black ships roaming the seas in search of a loved island."

If there is salvation in Borges, it is in memory that overcomes the isolation of blindness, that links Borges with Homer or a gaucho—or with the reader

—Edwin Warner

Quarter Twain

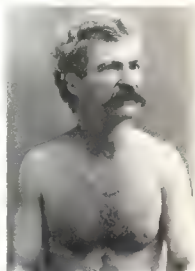
MARK TWAIN, AN AMERICAN PROPHECY
ET by Maxwell Geismar 564 pages
Houghton Mifflin \$10

This latest critical appreciation of Mark Twain is not without blemish, being sloppy, narrow, quarrelsome, doctrinaire, vague, repetitive and ungrammatical. But it has its virtues too. The best of these is that writer Geismar loves Mark Twain and quotes him joyously on almost every page. Sometimes he likes a passage so much that he quotes

it twice, but Twain can stand that.

A second virtue is that a reader with patience enough to mull through the swampy parts of Geismar's argument will find modest patches of solid ground. The author is right in stating that Twain is too little known and understood as a critic of U.S. society, and that the harshly satirical writing of his later years, despite recent notice, is still widely unread. Mainly in the past decade, critics have been pointing out the same thing. But for most fond readers, Twain remains a humorist and pastoral novelist.

Geismar gives no coherent explanation of how the popular view of Twain came to be so unbalanced. Instead, he feuds shrilly with Justin Kaplan, author of the excellent 1966 biography *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*, and with a succession of editors of Twain's



MARK TWAIN (ca. 1890)

Victim of the cold war?

posthumously printed *Autobiography*. Kaplan's supposed offenses are hard-shell Freudianism (Geismar is an adherent of Freud's dissident disciple, Otto Rank, whom he peddles as if Rank were a mutual fund), and undue susceptibility to influence by the CIA. It is Geismar's fantasy that "cold war critics," including Kaplan and Charles Neider, the most recent editor of the *Autobiography*, deliberately suppressed and undervalued Twain's radical social commentary. Their fear, Geismar appears to believe, was that the satires would damage the U.S. position in its struggle with Soviet Russia.

The reader must do Geismar's real job for him. If he is familiar with Kaplan's study and the *Autobiography*, he can pick his way through this book and arrive at a reasonable explanation of the strange shape of Twain's career. Twain's outlook darkened and grew harsher in the last half of his life. During much of the same period he endured a harrowing succession of busi-



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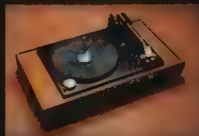
keep one station from interfering with another, and considerate enough to signal when a program is being broadcast in stereo.

And you'll hear it all through a matched set of oversized speakers that deliver truly opulent sound. A sound you can adjust every-which-way with as sophisticated a set of controls as a Toscanini would want. (You can even adjust the amount of sound coming out of each speaker individually.)

But it's in the back of this receiver where the future lies. Because this stereo system has provisions for adding on a record player (like our mazy RD-7673

pictured), headphones, even a cassette deck—when things loosen up a little.

In the meantime, stop in at any Panasonic dealer and ask to see and hear the "Montvale," Model RE-7800. In these tight money times, it could relax your outlook on a whole lot of things.



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ness catastrophes and deaths in his family. At the same time, as Geismar points out, U.S. society—Twain's raw material—was also changing. The young agrarian republic was becoming a complex state dominated by big business and the affairs of empire.

Geismar quotes great caustic batches of Twain's later prose, to show that he was an angry prophet who saw his republic choked by the corporate state. But Twain never did arrive at a consistent view of his world. As early as *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, his feeling toward the technological society was widely ambivalent. He admired technology, he despised it. The U.S. was corrupted; it was the hope of the world. Man was a splendid fellow, man was changelessly evil. His own life reflected these inconsistencies. He delivered a fine speech lampooning accident insurance at a time when he himself was a director of an accident insurance company. He wrote the thunderations that Geismar admires, then gave instructions that they should not be published for decades. The most consistent product of such inconsistency was humor.

■ John Skow

Everything You Always Wanted To Know About the Brain

MAN AND MEMORY BREAK
THROUGHS IN THE SCIENCE OF THE HUMAN MIND By D.S. Halacy Jr. 259 pages
Harper & Row \$6.95

Here is everything you always wanted to know about the brain but were afraid to ask. For example, does size really make a difference?

Unfortunately, yes. The average male human brain weighs three pounds, a size exceeded only by the brains of elephants, sperm whales and dolphins. However, it is the ratio of total body weight to brain weight that is more important. In this respect, of the three above, only the dolphin compares favorably with man.

The critical maws of the human brain is the cortex, a wrinkled grayish pink covering. It is the seat of such processes as thinking, judgement, speech and that tricky blessing, memory. According to D.S. Halacy Jr., an experienced popularizer of science, if the cortex were ironed flat, it would approximate the size of a newspaper page. Whether regular or tabloid size remains anybody's guess. But then, as Halacy makes totally clear, all the really important things about the brain are mysterious.

The most teasing of the brain's secrets is just what is the physical basis of memory. Halacy notes that there are scientists who despair of ever solving that one, on the theory that the brain, by its nature, cannot fully define itself.

Fortunately there are men and women who are too busy studying the brain to bother with sorting out such semantic eels. The big conceptual problem has been to come up with a model,

The anti-social drinker:

ABSTRACT OF DRIVERS RECORD

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 ADDRESS [REDACTED]

DATE	FILE NO.	TYPE OF VIOLATION	DATE OF VIOLATION	DATE OF SUSPENSION	DATE OF REVOCATION	DATE OF REINSTATEMENT
		SPEEDING				
		RECKLESS DRIVING				
6		DRIVING AFTER [REDACTED]				
		DRIVING WHILE [REDACTED]				
		DRIVING AFTER [REDACTED]				
		LIC. SUSPENDED				
		DRIVING WHILE INTOX.				
	103 67	LIC. SUSPENDED				
90	03 17 68	RECKLESS DRIVING				
94	01 04 69	DRIVING WHILE INTOX.				
94	03 13 69	DRIVING WHILE INTOX.				
03	04 06 69	LIC. SUSPENDED				
99	01 05 70	RECKLESS DRIVING				
99	03 21 70	SPEEDING				
99	07 06 70	RECKLESS DRIVING				

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He'll drive until he kills, if we let him.

This is the actual driving record of a problem drinker.* He hasn't killed anyone yet. But he probably will. Unless we get him off the road. Problem drinkers, not social drinkers, cause most of the alcohol-related crashes that kill 30,000 Americans every year.

What can be done about the anti-social drinker? The man with a serious drinking problem who insists on driving. A lot, with your

help. The National Highway Safety Bureau of the U.S. Department of Transportation has a new countermeasures program. The objectives of this action program are to ensure that he is: (1) identified and apprehended, (2) handled properly by the courts, (3) brought into treatment, and (4) kept off the road until that treatment is effective.

What can you do? Help make sure your state and your local community support this federal countermeasures program. Write a letter to your governor and to your mayor. Tell them you want your state and your city to cooperate fully in the National Highway Safety Bureau's new Alcohol Safety Countermeasures Program. Your letter could make the difference.

*Names and addresses have been obscured and date changed to preserve identification.



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IN OTHERS' WORDS

Greg Smith, Account Supervisor, Marsteller, Inc. "To date over 6,000 American Wood Council Kit Folders have been sold at \$1.50 — about 89¢ from the gatefold ad in TIME Magazine. Requests are still coming in even though the ad ran eight months ago. And it was a burned offer in the copy!"

TIME

Where ideas get response

or analogue, that will explain the dynamics of learning and memory. Although there are minds that warp and others that gather wool. Lord Sherrington's definition of the brain as an "enchanted loom" is more poetic than precise. The electronic computer at first seems promising. Unhappily, though the brain generates and can be prodded by electrical impulses, the most sophisticated cybernetic device is still a primitive instrument when compared with the human brain.

The theory that learning and memory are dependent on molecular chemical groupings and regroupings seems more promising. Halacy surveys the major researchers in this area, including con-



ORDERLY & DISORDERLY MIND
Food for thoughtful worms.

trovial experiments in which trained flatworms were minced and fed to untrained flatworms. In equally controversial tests, the latter apparently cannibalized the former's acquired knowledge, which is believed to have been contained in RNA molecules that were coded during training. As late as the mid-'60s, chemicals such as glutamic acid were thought to increase alertness in humans and even to boost IQ scores. Alas, the latest word from the lab seems to be that an intelligence pill is not around the corner.

Part of the problem in writing about the brain has to do with language and loosely defined terminology. Halacy's brisk reportage, use of quaint diagrams and illustrations, and obvious enthusiasm for scientific breakthroughs tend to overshadow the innumerable qualifications he must employ. For the present, perhaps all that we can be certain of is Ambrose Bierce's definition of the brain: "An apparatus with which we think that we think."

■ R.Z. Shappard

(To decide on your personal stereo system)

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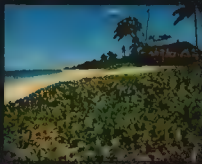
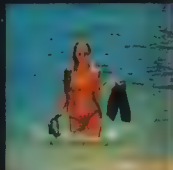


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Hawaii's
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**This is the
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Lahaina
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Force and the Law

CRIME IN AMERICA by Ramsey Clark
346 pages Simon & Schuster, \$6.95

If you have just been mugged or had your car stolen Ramsey Clark may incense you. He insists that coping with crime requires compassion for the criminal as well as the victim. Worried that U.S. lawmen may be putting too much trust in the club and the gun as instruments of order, he suggests they learn from states like Sweden—which far outmatches the U.S. in curbing crime (but also has a homogeneous society and hence far fewer problems). As Lyndon Johnson's Attorney General, Clark ranked among the ablest yet fairest crime fighters in U.S. history. His new book is too rational to compete with the law-and-order rhetoric of today. But it talks humane sense about crime and punishment.

Clark argues that excessively harsh antirime tactics are doomed to long-term failure in the U.S. Though they often pay it mere lip service, Clark admits, Americans still cherish the ideal of equal justice for all citizens. They seem unlikely to accept the kind of force that would stamp out all crime—and freedom as well. Such force, he adds, can only incite more anger and violence.

Inefficiency. Instead of getting tougher, says Clark, U.S. lawmen should get smarter. The present system is so inefficient that most crimes are never even reported; of those known to the police barely one in nine results in a conviction. The odds against a burglar's being convicted are roughly 12 to 1, even for murder the odds are better than 4 to 1. Clark's description of American prisons, which he calls "factories of crime," suggests that the greatest service they could perform would be to free most of their inmates tomorrow.

Clark believes that the \$5 billion the U.S. now spends each year on law enforcement is not enough but warns that spending more, without reform, will only make things worse. As he sees it, most of the Nixon Administration's anticrime moves point in that direction.

He deplores wiretapping, which Attorney General John Mitchell has sharply expanded, as a license for political harassment and an invasion of privacy. But he also presents it as a paradigm of police inefficiency. It may take 20 men to install one tap, often by breaking and entering the suspect's home plus as many as six more men to monitor the tap, often for months and months in which they could be gathering solid evidence instead of recording mostly innocent chatter. Clark's Justice Department shunned bugging—but in 1968 somehow managed to indict 1,166 figures from organized crime, a record-breaking total for the decade.

Treachery. Clark sees no virtue in Mitchell's invitation to police to ignore the Supreme Court's *Miranda* rule requiring that suspects in custody be

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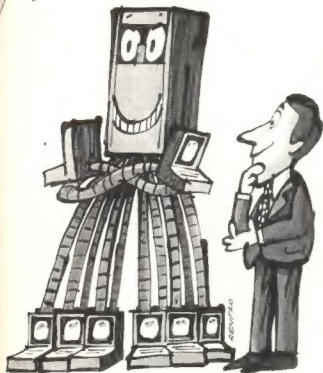
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warned of their right to silence and counsel. Such evasion, says Clark, encourages third-degree-style interrogations—a practice that scares off tipsters while impeding scientific detection that might yield better evidence. He has no use for another Mitchell priority—jailing dangerous suspects before trial without bail—in part because the required pre-trial hearings on the "dangerousness" of such defendants are likely to clog the already overwhelmed courts. Moreover, he regards the scheme as a blow to the traditional presumption that a man is innocent until proved guilty.

As Attorney General, Clark was innovative in setting up policing devices like the specially coordinated strike forces now used to move against the Mafia en masse. He was, and is, a strong advocate of tougher regulation for the country's 90 million guns, and the need to invent effective nonlethal weapons for policemen.

Clark treats the law as an organic part of the nation's painfully slow-moving but necessary social engineering. "Crime is an individual tragedy," he says. "Neglect, not permissiveness, is the culprit. . . . Our reflex to violence can be conditioned out of the American character."

The view that legal and social justice are inseparable, long a standard liberal concept, has now fallen into disrepute. That concept has not yet worked very well in the U.S., but it has never really been adequately tested; serious money, good planning and continuity of policy have always been wanting. Clark is compelling when he restates the familiar argument that the cure for crime is not only a matter of tough law enforcement but of social reform and economic progress. "America's passion," Clark urges, "must be justice."

—Robert Skayerson

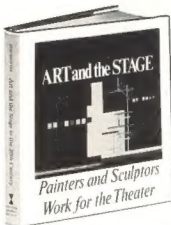


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